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BRITANNIA and Eve

MARCH
1956

VOL. 52 NO. 3

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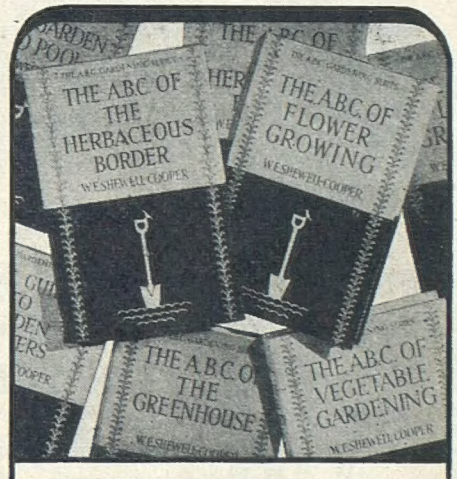

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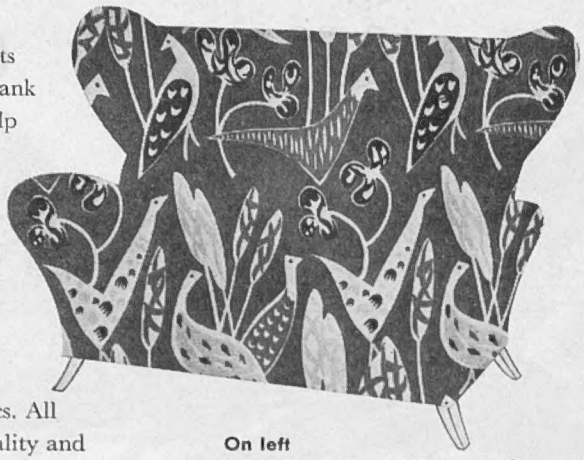

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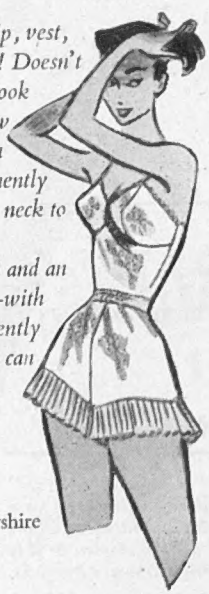

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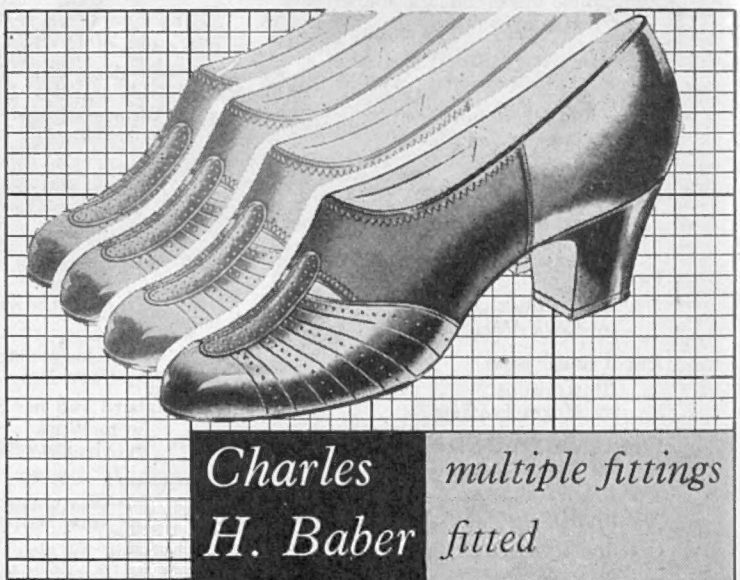

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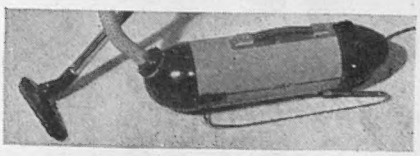

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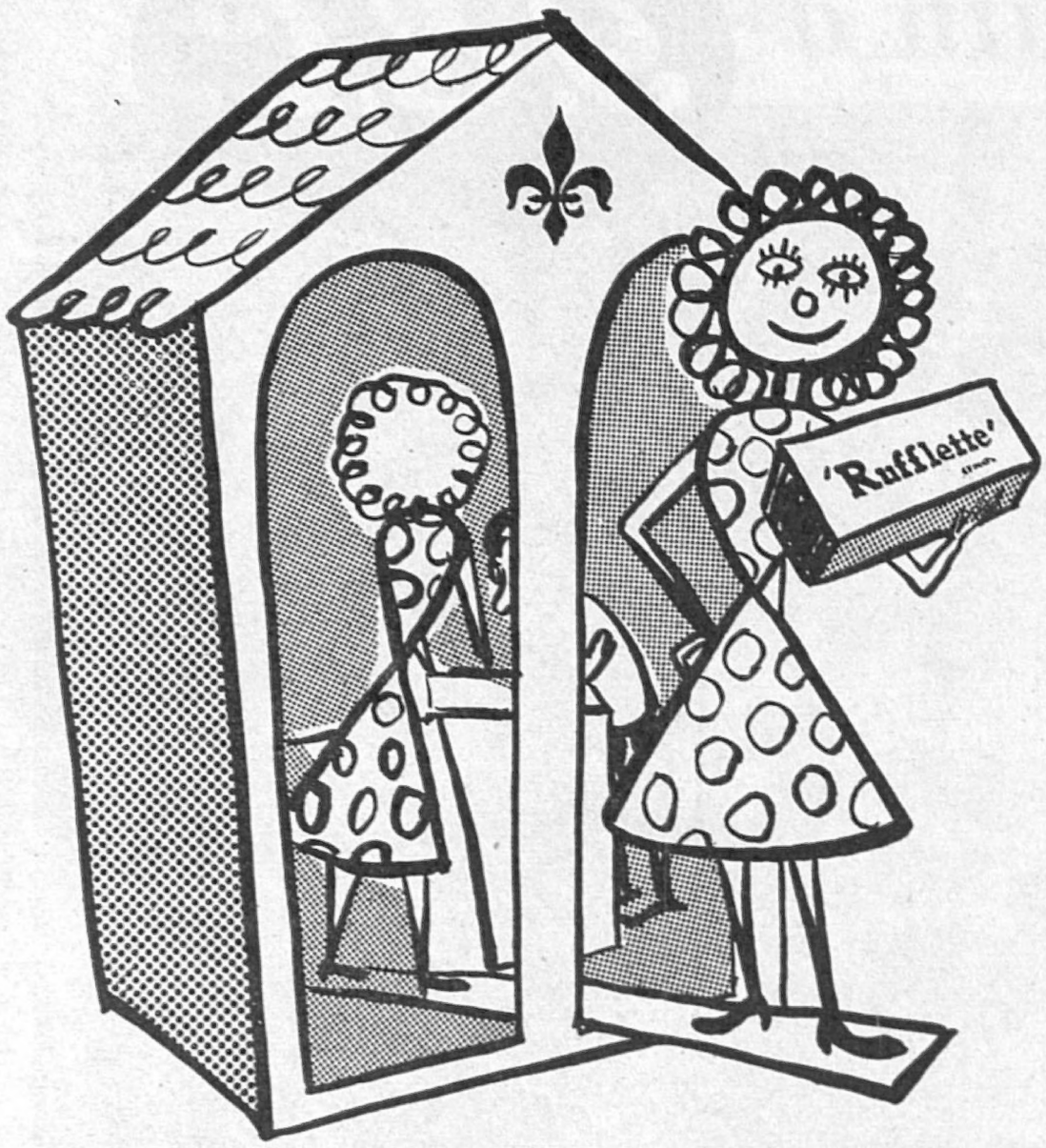

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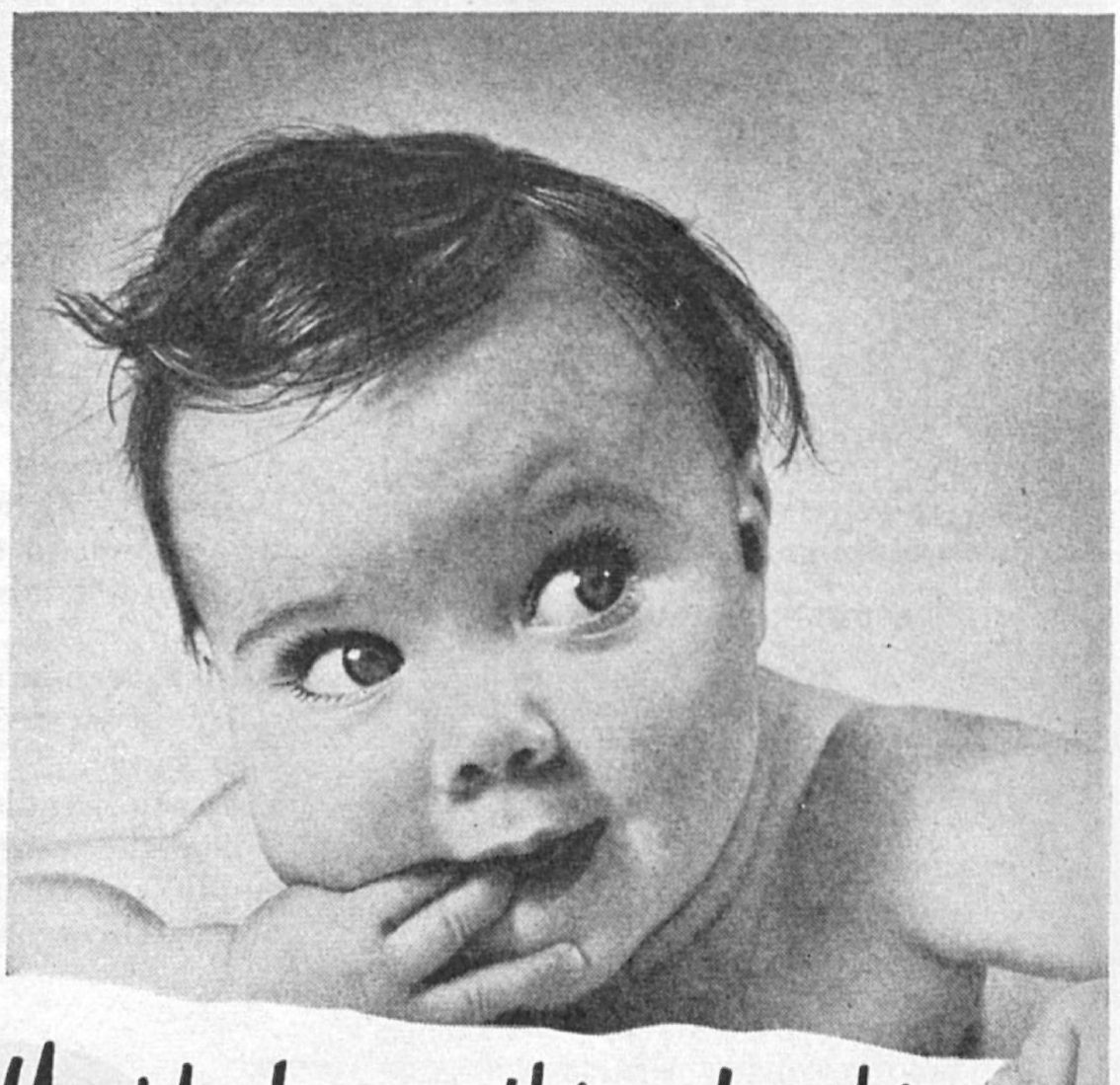

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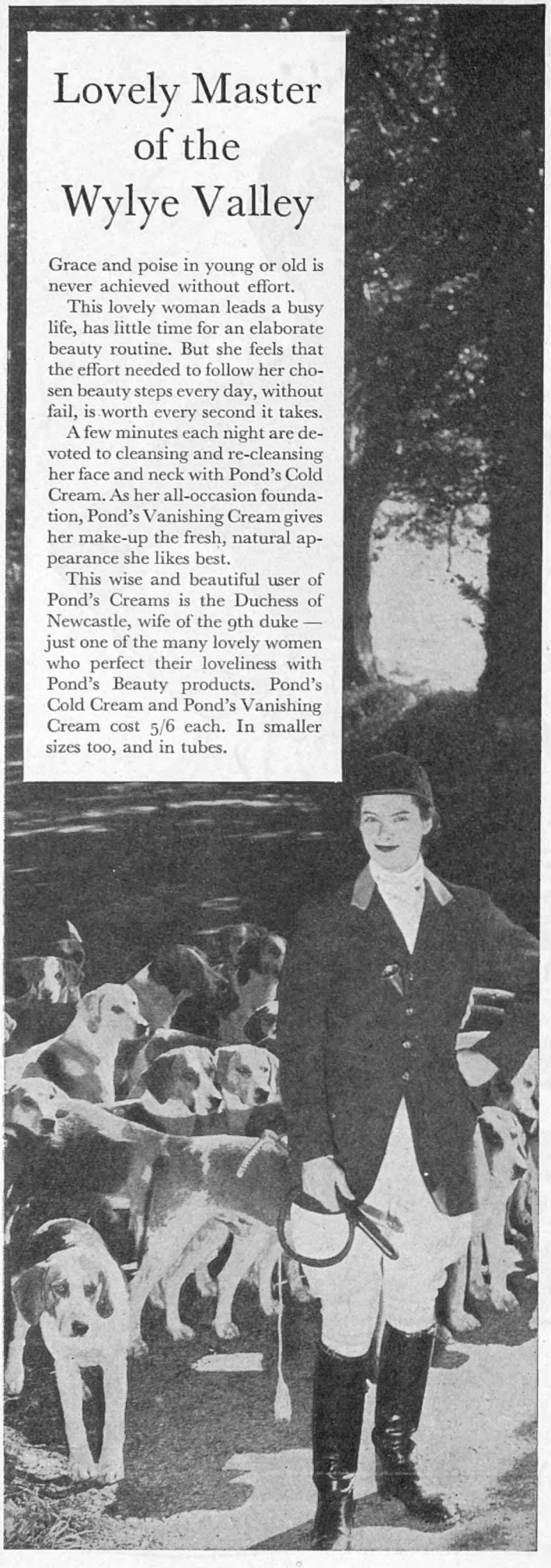

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BARON TAKES TEA WITH MRS. 'TEDDY' LAMBTON

Anne Lambton, popular town and country socialite, fashion consultant and holder of the title 'One of Britain's Best Dressed Women', takes a moment for this informal study by eminent photographer, Baron. With her is 'Cocoa', reigning monarch in the famous 'Lambton Dynasty' of Pekingese. Mrs. Lambton is married to Newmarket race-horse breeder and owner, 'Teddy' Lambton, a cousin of the Earl of Durham. She divides a busy life between their charming old country house, Mesnil Warren, Newmarket, and their town flat overlooking Regent's Park.

MRS. LAMBTON: I hope you'll forgive me, Baron . . . just got back from the stables . . . I *must* have a cup of tea—do you mind?

BARON: *Not at all, Anne—unless you plan to drink alone. Let's see . . . last time I was here I photographed your brood mares and foals—remember?*

MRS. LAMBTON: Indeed I do. We thought them awfully good. Mother used one of the photos as a Christmas card.

BARON: Did *she . . . that deserves a little inside information don't you think? Any good 'uns in the stable this year?*

MRS. LAMBTON: Yes, there are two very good two-year-olds in training. One is a sprinter. The other is more likely to make a stayer. But the only dead cert I can promise you this afternoon is a jolly good cup of tea.

BARON: *Ah—some rare, exquisite 'Lambton blend', eh?*

MRS. LAMBTON: Well, exquisite perhaps, but hardly *rare*. Actually it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We think it's delicious and the joy is we can simply order it from the village grocer when we need it. That way it's always fresh. Milk or lemon?

Have you the courage to say "not today thank you" or is "welcome" written on your mat?

Someone at the door...

by WINIFRED STIVENS

I LIVE in a gently-crumbling part of Hampstead where life, notwithstanding, is inclined to be rather more urban than suburban. I have the usual appurtenances of modern marriage: one husband and two children. I spend a certain amount of time trotting those children backwards and forwards to school.

The rest of my time, I swear, is equally divided between running my home and being my own gate-keeper. The "gate" is, in actual fact, a highly-ornate Victorian job, like the door of a bank with stained-glass windows let into it. It is equipped on the inside with two locks, two bolts, two clips, and a chain. But not even the combined strength of all of these offers the slightest protection against the army of callers who ham-handedly wield the heavy brass knocker and the electric bell. (The latter is tuned to a wobbly, but piercing Top C.)

The onion-seller from Brittany calls every Tuesday. He is a bell-ringer and has been known to ring steadily for fifteen minutes until my nerve and resistance were broken.

I used to be charmed with these onion-peddlers when their onions were 5s. 6d. a double string. I used to be amused at the way the strings of onions hung over the bicycles and swept the ground like the tails of Shetland ponies. I freely confess that I was captivated equally by the svelte, amber-skinned onions and the Gallic charm of the peasants themselves.

The current salesman is tall with the pinky-beige horny face of a countryman, and he dresses in the inevitable blue beret, mackintosh and long fisherman's boots, but his eyes suggest that he knows that he is irresistible to women. But not to me . . . one can have too much of a good thing and there is, after all, an extra two shillings on his onions these days, and he won't accept a penny less.

In the five-and-sixpenny days, I used to carry on long conversations with these onion men in my horrible pedantic French, and one day I gave one of them a glass of Medoc. That was a mistake, as I see now. He bowed himself out (*Continued on page 63*)

Illustration by Leslie Bowyer

Linda stood at the window of her grandmother's room. Her anger rose as she watched the soldiers ruining their property

STRATAGEM in the SOUTH

Linda was young and defenceless, but determined to foil their plans. It was a wonderful idea—but would they be able to carry it out?

by ALLAN SWINTON

Illustrations by A. R. WHITEAR

"NOT at all, ladies. You 're entirely welcome. It 's a pleasure to open the place to folks for a good cause like National Garden Week.

"Thank you for appreciation, ma'am. You 're very kind. We like it a whole lot, too.

"Yes. That is quite correct, just as you 've been told.

"Yes, ma'am. Built in the year seventeen hundred and ten, and the only big house in the county—pretty near in the entire State—to come without damage through the war between the States. This one would have surely, too, if our great-grandmother Chetwynd hadn't been so smart.

"Why—yes, if you wish it. I 'll be glad to tell you the story if it will give you pleasure. Shall we go sit on the bench there under that big tulip tree? As a boy, I often heard my grea'-grandfather tell it sitting there, and it will help me to try and picture it the way he did.

"Well, you see, it all happened on account of the cavalry raiding that went on back here. To read the history books, you 'd imagine General Jeb Stuart was the only man who ever made a raid behind the enemy lines. That 's because he was so spectacular, and rode with a whole brigade and so fast and far. But there was plenty of other raiding done all the time as routine by both armies.

"ESPECIALLY 'way in here at the west end of this theatre of the fightin', where there was not much more than cavalry details doing flank guards, with plenty of room beyond so that both sides were bound to watch right smart the others didn't sneak a force still farther out and swing around in behind them.

"In those days this house was the centre of a big plantation that lay pretty well cut off from the other estates round about. Well, so one day just after daybreak here comes this weary company of Union cavalry, cantering their pennants into our yard, to feed here and rest their horses while they pick up all the intelligence they can. Then, like they always do, they 'll set fire to everything and light out high-tailed for home. Meanwhile, no person 's to go off the place on pain of being shot, and they have pickets hidden on all the roads, to pick up any person comin' in and hold them till it 's safe to let 'em go.

"By that stage in the war, there were only our grea'-grandmother Chetwynd and her grandmother, and a few odd coloured folks, on the place. (*Continued overleaf*)

The men were all at the fightin', and the other women at the county seat nursing the wounded. But some person had to stay and 'tend to the old lady and try to keep the place up a bit, and Linda Chetwynd did it because she was one of the kind to whom their home and family traditions mean a heap.

"Her grandmother was mighty old and frail, and when the old lady saw the blue-coat troopers off-saddling their horses in the south peach orchard there, she thought it meant the finish of their home and all their fine old things, and sat there weeping.

"It was a grand Spring day in '66, with the buds bursting out and the birds all singin', and Linda stood at the window of gran'ma's room, watching the horses rip the green shoots off the fruit trees and the men hacking off boughs to make pegs to hang their gear on, and she turned pale and her eyes sort of smouldered. Then she ordered the coloured maid to bring her parents up there and stood tapping with her foot and thinking. These three negroes were the only indoor servants she had left, and the women were moaning and wringing their hands until she told them, 'Hush your fuss. These are nothing but a passel of no-good Yankees. No matter what foolish talk you hear, our men are thrashing them at the fighting, and we can beat them here as well.'

"The man, Moses, was an intelligent, youngish negro who had been born in the house. He was a confidential member of the family, and took Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation as an impertinence. At the outbreak, he'd gone as Richard Chetwynd's body-servant to the fightin'—look, that's his great-grandson you see over there by the rose beds, showing that other party round—but he'd got hit badly by a shell behind Bull Run and been sent home draggin' a leg. Now he told Linda, 'Sho' they 're gettin' licked, Mis' Linda. But that ain't goin' to stop these ones here burnin' the house down on top of us, and there ain't nothin' any of us can do.'

"HE could hardly keep his mouth from shaking, and Linda said gently, 'You love the place as much as I do, don't you, Mose'?'

"'Yes, Mis' Linda. I ain't seen no other place like this place nowhere. We got everythin' right here any man can want all his born days.'

"'And we can keep it that way. Don't you see these Yankees must be just as scared because they 've got themselves 'way down alone in here as we are to have them. If you do your part, we can beat them and have the place safe waiting for our menfolks, just like they 're counting on. Now pay attention, the three of you. Then do exactly as I say and put your hearts into it, and we 'll soon have these bluecoats out of here with no harm done. You first, Zenobia, and for pity's sake stop snivelling! Now, you and Mary . . .'

"After a piece, Linda goes downstairs and there 's the Yankee major settin' in the parlour with a map open, making notes in his field book. He 'd been working out a route home so as not to go over the same roads twice, and found he 'd have to go by Lumsden's Ford, over the Roding River a few miles to the north-east. He was a tall, raw-boned young Vermonter with bright red hair, dog-weary from hard riding and lack of sleep. He had four days' bristle on his chin, his blues were grey with mud and dust, his sabre sheath was rust-stained, and he smelt to heaven of dirt and horse sweat.

"Yes, ma'am. This is his figure and hair I 've got. I could be his twin, so they tell me.

"Well, like all the Chetwynd girls, Linda at twenty was mighty sweet and fetchin'-looking and, come hell or high water, she always kept herself neat and dainty. She had dark-brown curly hair, dark-blue eyes, a pink-and-cream complexion and right nice curves where she should have. When she walks in, Lafe Qualtrough jumps up, very respectful. But there was nothing sweet about her then. 'Well,' she led off, looking him over like he was some nasty kind of insect and speaking as though he wasn't there. 'He actually knows enough to stand up when a lady enters. But his breeding does not extend to waiting to be invited before he uses her house.'

"As she meant it to, it got him on the raw and he came back pretty hot at her. 'You seem to forget there 's a war on, and you 're on the wrong side of it. I needed some place to do some writing.'

"'There are stables at the back of the house, and field hands' quarters.'

"Now he 'd had time to take in what she was, Lafe's temper cooled and he looked embarrassed. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am. The truth is, I didn't expect to find any white people still left here. At most places I come to on these rides there aren't. I shouldn't have intruded this way otherwise.'

"'Surely you didn't expect any person on this place would run away from you, did you? I wouldn't have stooped to speak to you if I had not been warned about your practices. If I 'm informed correctly, your intention is to burn our house.'

(*Continued on page 64*)

"Such time in our home as remains to us . . we should like to enjoy in privacy"

Something to be said for Maturity!

ubtract what you lose
nd add what you gain, and
ie sum will come out right—

y MARY KINROSS

THERE are two ways of approaching middle-age. One is to rush at it with open arms; the other to turn firmly towards the youth we had, lamenting its passing.

To my mind, neither of these ways is good. Maturity is not less than youth but only different. A comforting thought is that the middle years come to the beautiful and famous at exactly the same pace as they come to the rest of us. And they have more to lose! Let's look this matter of slipping years in the face: accept the liabilities and consider the assets.

The liabilities are obvious. The loss of a young, firm skin and lustrous hair. We miss a sense of urgency. We get into second gear. But is that a matter for grief?

With them we have probably put behind the over-weaning concern with the impression we are making. We make the best of our looks because we must; dress as well as taste and income permit, and then forget it, leaving more time for the enjoyment of other people. This is an asset in itself.

Honestly, I am happier now than when I was young. Many of my friends of my own age say the same. The young are filled with doubts; a disappointment is the end of their world. If we of middle-age have learned anything, it is to accept disappointments at their true worth, as transient things. Maturity teaches us to accept rebuffs more easily and to appreciate the plums more completely when they come.

Socially we are far better able to cope. Assurance comes with maturity. No more teasing doubts: will I be a success? Will I commit *faux pas*? Of course, these possibilities still exist, but we see them for what they are: trifles. A dropped brick, now, is an opportunity to pick it up again!

The older woman has more, much more, to give to other people and more to receive from them. By this time, if we have learned anything, we have learned to listen and are less concerned with "getting ourselves across." The rebuffs of the past have, or should have, taught us the art of sympathy for other people.

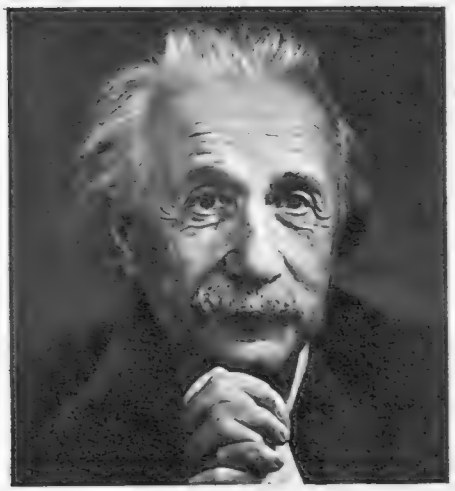
Married or single maturity infuses assurance into our relations with men. Self-consciousness with the other sex declines and leaves us with the ability to meet them on terms of friendship. I like to think that men are more at ease with us because we are natural with them.

AND what about the static pleasures, for that is what I call them? The joy of reading; of making a home, whether for a family or for ourselves. Gone are the days of rushing about, chasing our own tails!

In youth, being vulnerable, we permit life to do things to us. Now, if any wisdom has accrued from our experience, we are more likely to twist life to our purpose. I 'm not foolish enough to pretend this is easy, but I know it is possible and *so* worth while.

Look at some women in public life, and our older actresses. Observe the charm—the poise that years impart. We are not public figures or famous actresses? I know we aren't, but no woman in the world need be without her *(Continued on page 75)*

the humility of albert EINSTEIN



The gentle face of a giant among men. The familiar portrait of Albert Einstein, by Karsh of Ottawa, was taken in his declining years

Einstein the scientist was acclaimed during his lifetime, but the moment for a true assessment of the man is only now, when adulation for a giant intellect makes room for wonder at so humble a heart

by NANETTE KUTNER

The hands that recorded the conclusions that revolutionized scientific thought in this century and paved the way to the Atomic Age

The Einstein that few people knew, the violinist who found relaxation with music and gave of his talent to aid the charities he believed in

ON the balmy Easter afternoon, a week before Albert Einstein died, a friend of mine took him for what—along with the arrival of Spring—had become a kind of rite, a Sunday drive. Dr. Einstein, employing no servant because he hated giving orders, owned no car.

My friend said, " It 's the only time I 'm nervous driving. I feel I 'm responsible for the world's most valuable human being."

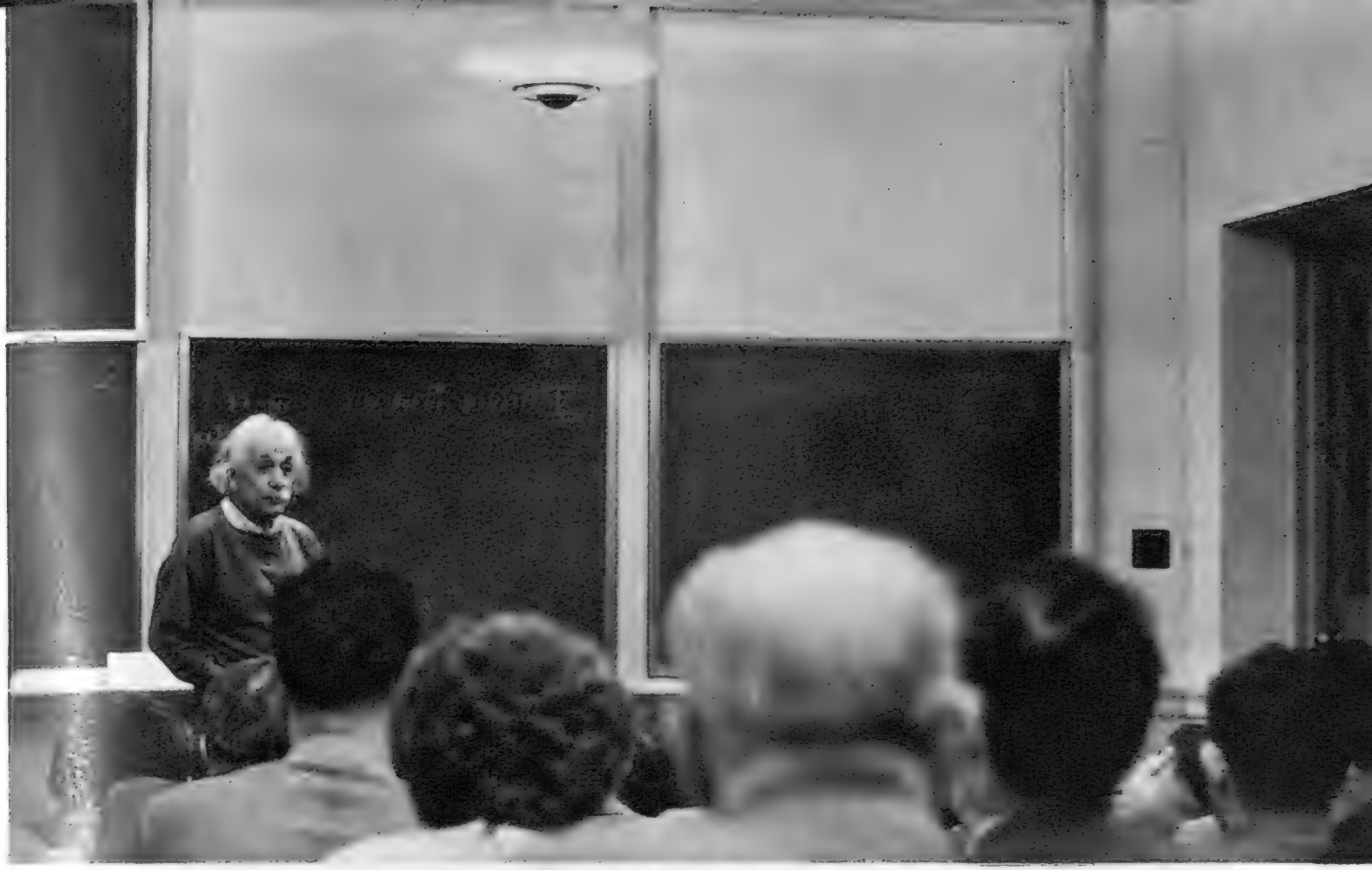
Hearing that Professor Einstein—as he called him—had not been feeling too well, my friend asked about his health.

He smiled wryly and said, " My doctor tells me I 'm all right." Changing the subject, he wanted to know whether my friend had read *Man's Duel With the Hydrogen Bomb*, an article by Bertrand Russell, with whose philosophy of scotching any kind of war for any cause, he was in entire agreement.

Dr. Einstein was apt to think in German, and spoke with a slight accent in a cultivated English which supplied the right words invariably leavened with humour. Now he talked seriously of our nuclear experiments ; he believed that even *without war*, just from fall-outs, we could eventually destroy ourselves.

Clearly he was worried. In March, on his seventy-sixth and last birthday, when a visitor wished him " Happy Birthday," his reply . . . " I 've had my happy ones."

Understandably, Dr. Einstein was saddened by some of the tragic consequences of his early scientific speculations.



Yet he refused to turn his back on science. A promising young physicist, plagued by the arbitrary ways of our civilization, asked Dr. Einstein's advice concerning his career. "Wouldn't it be wiser to go into some other, less destructive, field?"

And Dr. Einstein answered, "If a son commits a crime, do you punish the mother?" He meant, of course, that if we have subverted science, it is senseless to blame science. Hearing this, the physicist took heart and resumed work.

During his last years the Institute for Advanced Study threw a loyal iron curtain around their prize member. The Institute rightly felt Dr. Einstein should be protected so that he could give all his waning strength towards finishing his *Unified Field Theory*, on which he had spent over thirty years, "and is the most important yet." He did not complete it.

At 112, Mercer Street, Princeton, New Jersey, his white-frame, green-shuttered house, plainer than that of any modestly successful office employee, had—despite his disinterest in personal fame—become a Mecca for visiting intellectuals, from the late Mme. Curie to Adlai E. Stevenson.

THE house has a starkness. In only a couple of the windows hang curtains; all have old-fashioned pull-down shades. To the right of the door are posted the Community Chest and Red Cross insignias. Through that door—until five days prior to his death—each morning, at precisely nine o'clock, after a breakfast of coffee and a roll, Dr. Einstein emerged, wearing the familiar sweat-shirt; his favourite. He liked the soft feel of it, a blue duvetyn sent him from Switzerland and one of the few gifts he kept, everything else he gave away. The blue heightened the blue of his eyes. Most days he wore no head covering except for his hair, "a grey cloud." Usually he was lighting his pipe. To my friend he admitted he had never been an excessive smoker; as age overtook him he spent more time lighting his pipe than smoking it.

No matter what the season nor how inclement the weather, Dr. Einstein walked the hilly mile from his house to his office at the Institute. Often he was accompanied by a colleague, a logician, whom neighbours joshingly referred to as "the absent-minded Professor." (*Continued on page* 63)

The Teacher, as the whole world knew him. Science students in rapt attention before the Master; (below) Einstein with the children who were his familiars and his delight

by RAYMOND A. BENNETT

Home and Mr. Dunn...

This is the story of a pioneer of contemporary furniture design, who has dared not to turn his back upon the past

Geoffrey Dunn is an enthusiast both for the old and the new in decoration, and believes that the twain can meet. Here he is in his own living-room with some of the "curios" which jostle the contemporary furnishing

This is "Sonning," the Dunn home in Kent, where there is an exception to every dull and academic rule of furnishing and decorating. The home was recently built on the site of a bombed coach-house and, in its outward aspect, sidesteps the clichés of current architecture

In the dining-room, a wide serving hatch with modern sideboard-style counters, a Swedish double glass window, and contemporary fittings unite with a circular Victorian walnut table and a collection of period china

WHEN a railway-van drove up to the front door of "Sonning," Kentish home of forty-five-year-old furniture designer Geoffrey Dunn, and three men staggered into the hallway bearing an enormous signal-box lever, Mrs. Dunn summed it up at a glance: The handle, of course, had taken her husband's fancy. Made of steel, it was beautifully shaped, and polished. She, nevertheless, classified this latest "find" as definitely unmanageable, and arranged for it to be transferred to the museum at the warehouse, together with a milk-maid's yoke, an Edwardian grotto, and a rather dilapidated harp.

The museum is a dark lumber-room, cluttered with the rare, the curious and the beautiful; "Sonning," on the other hand, originally a coach-house, is now a light and lively contrast in furnishing. It sidesteps the clichés (no facile contemporary tags or period labels here) avoids the eccentric and establishes the principles of good design. It is also the kind of home to delight a maiden aunt, and fill the smart set with admiration.

HAWKLIKE and handsome, with an Edwardian touch about his clothes, and a snuff-box always close at hand, Geoffrey Dunn believes that good furniture of one period can live harmoniously with that of any other, because they share one tradition.

Good contemporary furniture is simply the best of yesterday, redesigned to suit a modern home. The sideboard of today, for example, has to be at once smaller and larger than its early counterpart: It will divide an L-shaped living-room, accommodate mother's knitting, Johnny's roller-skates, and father's football pools, as well as the half-bottle of sherry.

You buy a piece of contemporary furniture because you need it, says Geoffrey Dunn, and because you like it . . . after testing it with return visits to the shop beforehand. Never allow yourself to be carried away by "stunt" furniture—things like the "boomerang" table, which started life, modestly enough, hugging the corner of a chair, "took off" in a moment of fanciful design, and has been flying steadily wider of its original mark ever since.

For Geoffrey Dunn, collecting is an expression of his lively observation. With the emphasis on (*Continued on page* 68)

Mrs. Dunn collects pottery pigs and holds her own, philosophically, against the flood of *objets* ranging from a milkmaid's yoke to a lampost for which her husband's lively observation finds a use. Here they are together with Robin the dachshund in the living-room which opens on to the garden of their home in Bromley

In the vanguard of contemporary designers, with an international reputation, Dunn believes that the agreeable reactions from older people to his work is the true measure of his success

A light and lively contrast between the present and the past in the hall at Sonning. Victorian wax flowers; an Orkney Seagrass chair, a painted herb-jar hold the foreground in a contemporary setting with varied wallpaper designs subdividing walls, ceiling and staircase in a harmony of colours and texture

Jonas

Some men wish for wealth, some for travel, but all he wanted was the lamb that gambolled through his dreams

THE old man sat in the corner of the bar, near the fire, his hands folded on the top of his stick. His faded blue eyes were watering a little, from age and the smoke that hung heavy in the low room.

The locals were as accustomed to his unfailing presence as they were to the two oak settles and the well-worn dart board. But although he ranked, almost, as a bit of furniture in their unthinking minds, they would have felt something was missing had he not been there.

On his good days, Jonas would chat amiably to anyone with the time to spare. Mostly about farming, not that Jonas had ever been a farmer. He was a townsman by birth, but having become too old to care for himself, his daughter, who was married to a country publican, had brought him down to live with her and her husband. Jonas had come quite unprotestingly, showing neither pleasure, nor displeasure. That is how he was about everything. Expressing neither gratitude nor ingratitude, just accepting. When you get to ninety, what is there to do but accept?

On what his daughter referred to as his bad days, and they were becoming more and more frequent, he would not talk to anyone. And if anyone spoke to him, he would reply with a grunt. The customers of the Ship's Bell recognized then that he wished to be left alone. With

A NEW SHORT STORY

his thoughts or with his dreams? No one knew.

But when the icy winds of winter had disappeared and the smell of Spring was in the air, the old man became strangely animated.

He'd been that way for years, so his daughter said, the Spring seeming to strike some chord in his mind. So that he would pester everyone who came in with the same question, should they be rash enough to pause near his chair.

"How much land, do you reckon, a lamb would need to live off?" That was the question.

Some people took the trouble to answer quite seriously. Going into statistics which revealed the exact amount of grass a lamb, growing in the course of nature into a sheep, would devour in a year. Then they would be left feeling a little hurt because he appeared to have lost all interest in the subject.

Others, more hard-hearted, who had been asked the question so many times, would laugh not unkindly and say: "Not still on that same old question, Grandpa?"

And these last, oddly enough, would get a sly grin in response.

Old Jonas like many old people, did not sleep a great deal. He dozed a lot, and as he did much of his dozing during the day, it left him long hours of darkness to be got through. But he didn't count sheep. He (*Continued on page* 66)

and the Lamb

by MARY HENDERSON

Illustration by Dion

Illustrations by Jane Harvey

As you make your Bed...

. . . so you lie on it. *How* you make it depends on *what* you make it with

A THIRD of our lives, so they say, is spent in bed. Midnight oil burners and up-with-the-lark types may deny it, but in any event there is a sound case for making ourselves as comfortable as possible while we snooze so much of our time away.

Beds are as individual as the people who sleep in them. One man's comfort is another man's poison, as you might say, so it is as well to make your bed wisely before you lie on it.

Here are some facts about mattresses. If you like great softness and warmth the finest fleece mattress will make you happiest. For a cool—and some say restful—sleep a mattress of hair is the job.

Degrees of firmness are obtained with varying types of springing and upholstery. For summer and winter comfort there is a reversible mattress, soft on one side and firm on the other. There are beds, so sprung that they prevent the sleeper from rolling to the side and adapt themselves to all combinations of size and weight. There is even a Jack Spratt bed made in two separate sections to suit two people of different weights.

If you have a modern spring interior mattress, see that the base is firm, otherwise even the best mattress may sag. Foam rubber particularly requires a firm base which allows air to circulate freely from below.

As for pillows, there is an astonishing variety of shapes and materials, all designed for better sleeping. A combination of down on the upper side and feathers on the lower unites softness with resilience and gives support plus a warm and a cool side.

For asthmatics and others who are allergic to feathers there are latex pillows—divinely soft yet supporting—and Terylene filling. The latter consists of Terylene fibre in its natural state. It looks and feels like thistledown and is completely washable.

If your head lies uneasy on the pillow try a Chinese bolster. It is no more than shoulder width and narrows in the centre to fit snugly round the nape of the neck. There is also a horseshoe pillow—the name explains the shape—with two extended ends forming a recess for the shoulder. A boon to broad-shouldered men. A wedge shaped bolster gives firmness and a graduated support for the head. Good also to support tired feet!

So much for basic comforts. Now for top dressings.

WHEN you are shopping for pillow cases measure your bed pillows and get the cases one inch wider and two inches longer. This ensures a longer life for the linen.

America launched fitted sheets, now we have them in this country, with box corners that slip easily over and under the mattress. Even restless sleepers can wake in a smooth bed.

Nylon sheets are, as yet, more costly than cotton but what you loose on the initial cost you make up on the laundry bills, because they can be washed out and fully dried in an evening.

Glamorous luxury and warmth undreamed of come with the very newest pure lambswool blankets. These featherweight beauties have a deep fluffy pile. One Sole Mio blanket is as warm as two of another kind. They are bed beautifiers as well as comforters because they are made in wonderful colours with deep satin or nylon velvet binding.

If you have any particular bedding problems, the London Bedding Centre exists to help you. The address is : 13 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

jane harvey

Aquascutum's coat in turquoise mixture light tweed, cut on classic lines. Also five other colours. Check showerproof version; £18 18s. from Aquascutum shops in London and the provinces. *Centre:* Comet, by Quelrayn, in fully lined cotton tweed. In six good colours; £5 5s. with matching hat. From D. H. Evans, London, Walsh's of Sheffield. *Right:* Valstar's showerproofed coat in West of England tweed in blue or green Lovat mixture with faint overcheck; about £12 12s. from Dickins & Jones, London, Colsons of Exeter

Wet Weather Allies

Illustrations by Edith Maclean

For town pavement rather than muddy lane—*above*—Quelrayn's "Chartreuse" has collar, cuffs, pockets trimmed with close-knitted rib jersey and matching jersey cap. This self-lined poplin coat comes in flashing, dashing colours—poppy, Chinese red, jade, emerald, wild rice, brown, raspberry, yellow and jet—costs £8 19s. 6d. from Peter Jones, London, Cole Brothers of Sheffield. *Right*—Valstar's Perdita, in houndstooth check tweed, has winged collar and cuffs trimmed with contrasting rayon. Navy and white only; about £10 10s. with beret from Peter Robinson, London

For informal suppers, drinks or coffee parties—Rembrandt's dress in a brand-new fabric—Courpleta—has a swirling, permanently-pleated skirt and neat-fitting buttoned bodice. The whole dress, including detachable underskirt, washes and drip-dries to need no ironing. In turquoise, rose, blue, coral or green ; price £8 8s. This dress will be available at the end of April (write to us for stockists). *Right :* Continuing the casual theme is an oatmeal wool and angora jersey dress with full gathered skirt by Susan Small, sparked with untarnishable gold braid trimming and hand-stitched belt. Also in pink, turquoise or tan ; £11 11s. from Dickins & Jones, London, Daly's of Glasgow

CASUAL ELEGANCE

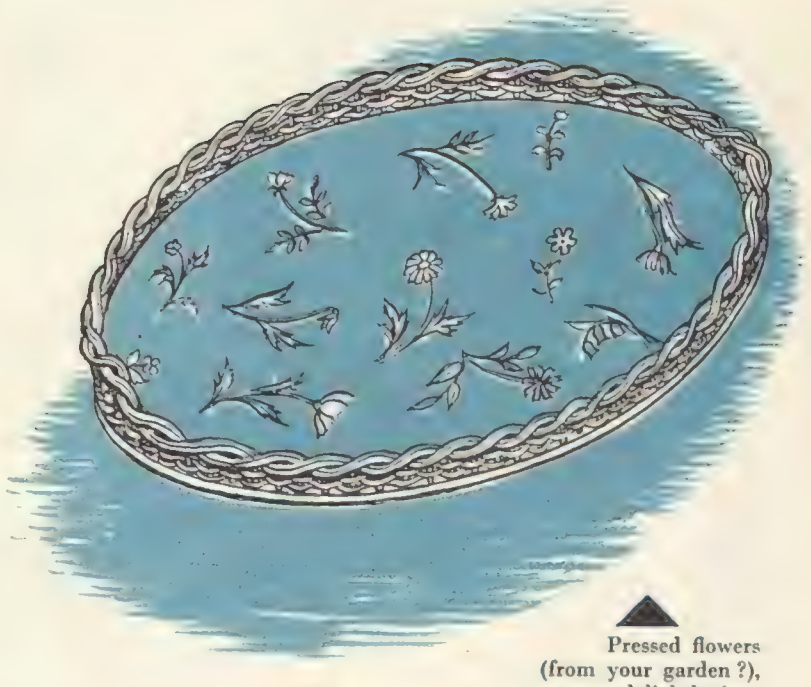
Comfort and elegance in a pink tweed dress and jacket that will see you through the day. The short-sleeved dress beneath the boxy jacket has a square neck and three large buttons trim each side. By Vogel, also in blue, grey and other pastel colours ; about £28 7s. from Harvey Nichols and Edna Lloyd Smith of Hale, Cheshire.
Right : Hershelle suit on dressmaker lines in navy-blue cotton jacquard with white fleck has cross-over tie and cuff trimming ; about £8 12s. from Bentalls of Kingston, Lindsay of Halifax. The hats atop are (*left*), in kingfisher blue, price £2 9s. 6d. and (*right*) red velvet at £1 5s. 6d., both in Edward Mann's " Edma " range, and found at Fenwicks of London, Plummer Roddis of Bournemouth

Put it UNDER

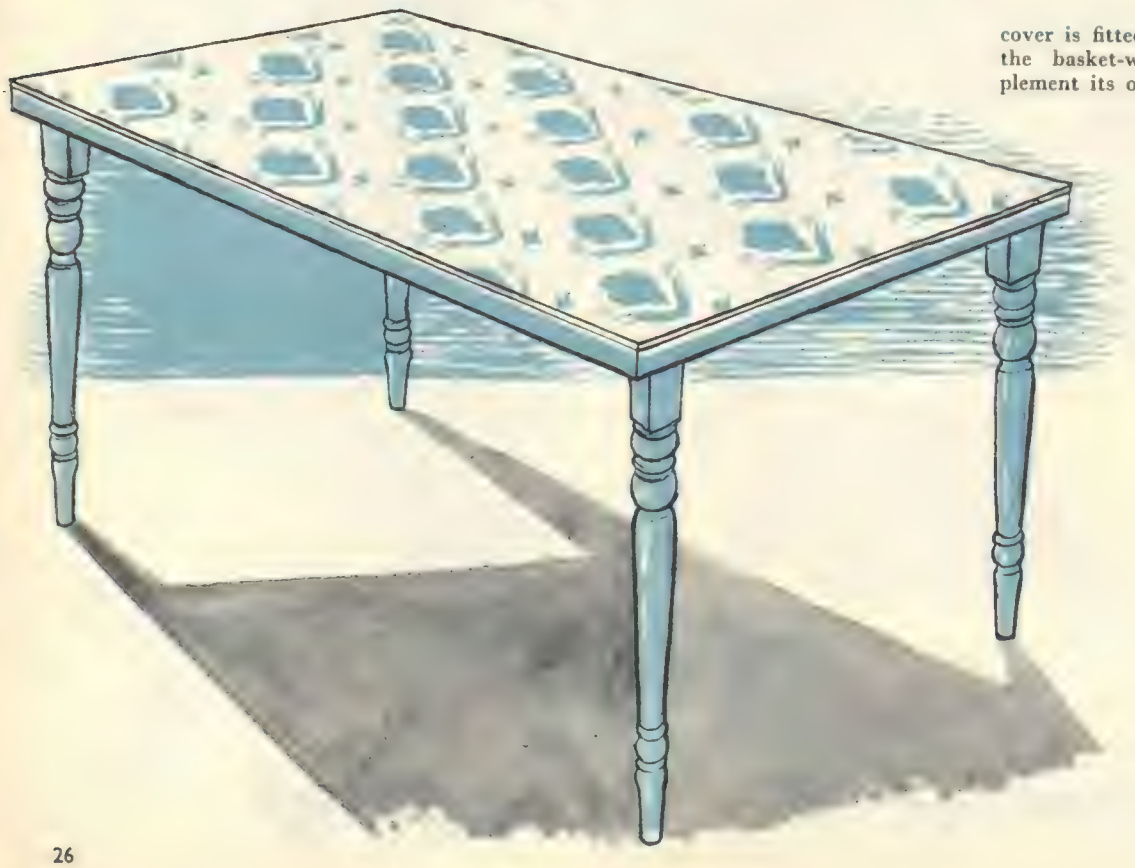
Pretty up bedroom, bathroom, living-room or kitchen. Your personal flair—for needlework, picture design, or choice of wallpaper and fabrics—can make a decorative addition to your home

Frame a bird or flower print (*above*) with a mount of wallpaper in a delicate scroll print. For pictures with deeper tones, or more solid colour, try the deep-textured softness of red or green velvet

An ordinary kitchen table (*below*) looks smart as paint with table-top of striped or checked wallpaper, or cut-out "tiles" of shiny red, yellow, green and blue paper. Protect it with transparent Perspex or plastic top, screwed in at the four corners, on which you can dump the hottest dishes. The plainer the table the better as a frame for a decorative surface



Pressed flowers (from your garden?), gummed lightly into position before the glass cover is fitted, bloom on this tray (*above*); the basket-work rim and handles complement its outdoor air

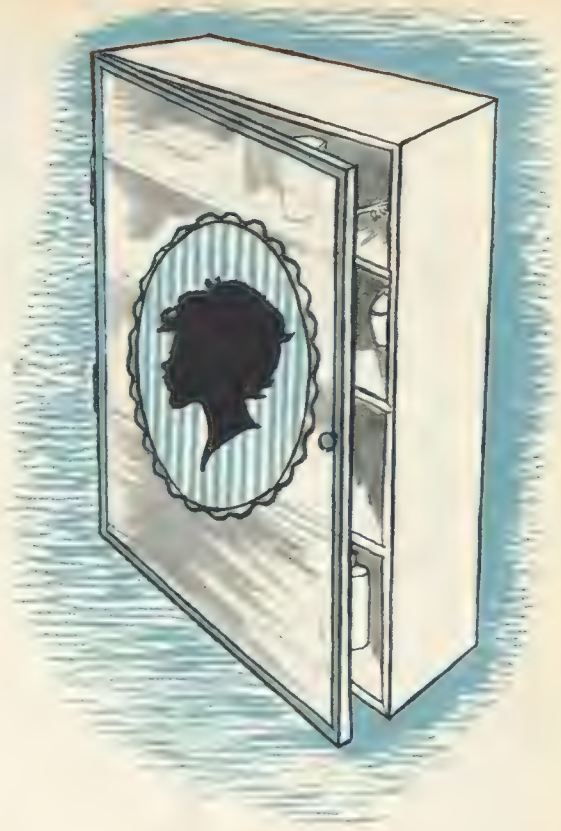


Illustrations by

Moira Leatham

GLASS

Victorian outlook : this black paper cameo (*right*), with the elegance of simplicity, makes a bold show on a glass-fronted cupboard. Outline it with spiralled ribbon pressed flat, or scarlet, emerald or black rick-rack binding ; the shelves inside, too, can be painted or papered in matching colours



A small child's fancy could lead to those perennial charmers, the Cat and the Fiddle (*left*), Froggy in his wooing outfit, or prim Miss Muffet reluctantly facing an unappetizing spider. Cut these old friends out of brilliant coloured felt, put them on bright green fields, with puffy white clouds on the pure blue sky, for a picture with a vivid, *faux-naif* impact. (Copydex glue will keep felt figures and backgrounds firmly in position.) We suggest a long picture, almost a mural, perhaps describing the whole course of a nursery rhyme

The proof of your labour greets you every time you powder your nose or comb your hair ; the patchwork top of a dressing-table (*right*) can be made from remnants of curtain, chair cover or cushion material, protected by the standard glass top, and emphasized—by the energetic—with a patchwork bedspread. Or, perhaps, the quilt made by your industrious grandmother is threadbare in places ; the best of it will make this highly original table surface

by

JANE

HOBART

Remove the bushel

and the light of woman's wit

and wisdom and her considerable record of

reforming zeal beams brightly along the path of history

Light under the bushel

"I should like to know what is the proper function of women, if it is not to make reasons for husbands to stay at home, and still stronger reasons for bachelors to go out." . . . George Eliot (real name, Marion Evans)

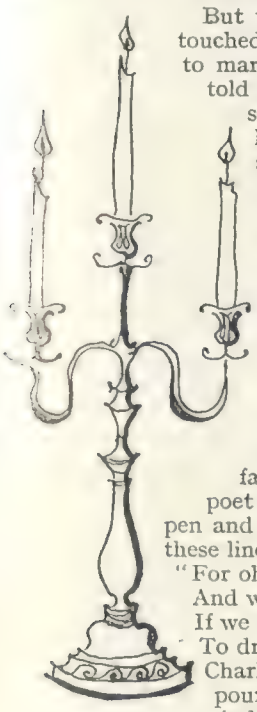
But there have been many other women, thank goodness, who thought that women had other functions besides . . .

The wit and wisdom of the women who fight the good fight for freedom and equality are a permanent reminder to the rest of us that we are past the kitchen-nursery-boudoir stage . . . We are women of the world!

☆ ☆

MOST of us hide our lights under a bushel. A few climb the little hills and kindle there a blaze to guide our footsteps farther along to the road to freedom and equality. And then there are those who have carried the torch to the mountain-tops where their light will burn brightly for evermore.

Now, if only Eve had been lucky enough to have had a family of daughters, things might have been very different when Queen Elizabeth I came to the throne. As it was, Good Queen Bess had to defend her womanhood in these words: "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England, too."



Those were fighting words.

But that other great queen, Victoria, was so touched with humility when Albert consented to marry her that she wrote in her diary: "I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy to spend his life with me. I love him more than I can say and I shall do everything in my power to render the sacrifice he has made (for *sacrifice* in my opinion it *is*) as small as I can."

Nevertheless, Queen Victoria set an example to the women of the world by permitting the use of anaesthetics during the birth of her children.

Even as the Queen wrote, however, there were women whose eyes travelled past the broad shoulders of the men they loved to the sight of tiny children labouring in the pits and factories. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poet of Wimpole Street, lashed out with her pen and wrote her *Cry of the Children*, of which these lines are only a part:

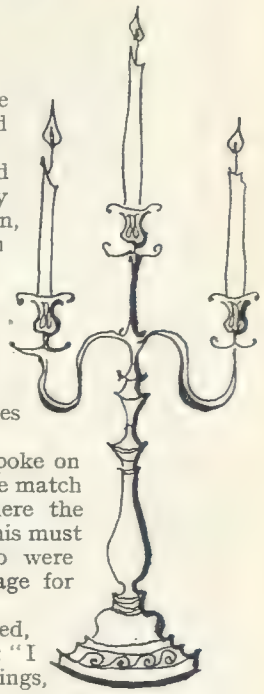
"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, an American, poured scorn on the callous mammons of industry:

"We are the Wisest, Strongest Race
Loud may our praise be sung!
The only animal alive
That lives upon its young!"

The marriage laws of Victorian England, too, were scheduled for reform. Caroline, the beautiful granddaughter of Sheridan, the playwright, fought passionately through the press and the law courts—and unspeakable personal suffering—to establish married women's rights. Robbed of her children by her husband, George Norton, and sued by him for her own personal property—even her earnings—she used her pen and her influence so effectively that in 1839 Parliament passed the first Infants Custody Act: this meant that a mother, separated from her husband could, by law, see her children and have them live with her for a certain part of the year.

Battling fiercely on through lawsuits and her husband's insults, Caroline Norton lived to see Parliament pass the complete Married Women's Property Act.



This brilliant, spirited woman—friend of Lord Melbourne, Disraeli, Sidney Herbert and others—was the first woman, on record, to declare: "Affection is the root of love in women and passion is the root of love in men."

"Love matches," said Caroline's literary rival, Lady Blessington, "are made by people who are content, for a month of honey, to condemn themselves to a life of vinegar."

Maria Edgeworth, the Irish writer, spoke on the same subject: " . . . to be sure a love match was the only thing for happiness where the parties could anyway afford it." How this must have deflated Victorian mammas who were seeking a rich, though loveless, marriage for their daughters!

The year after Maria Edgeworth died, Florence Nightingale wrote in her diary: "I am thirty . . . Now, no more childish things, no more vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me think only of Thy will." This was 1850.

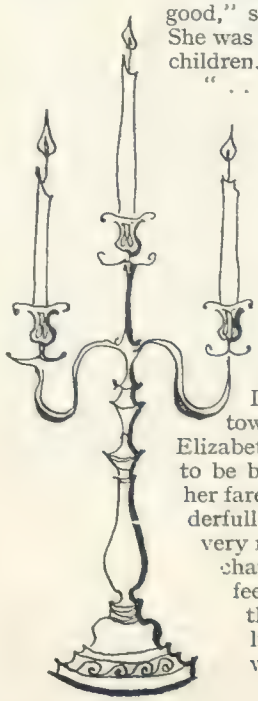
At Seneca Falls, Ohio, U.S.A., a certain Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was soon heard to say: "Woman is dragged to earth, pulled down by her petticoats. If she throws them to the winds she will be as free as Diana." She got a minority of women into bloomers—and a lot of ridicule for herself.

"But what is woman? Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders!" So said Hannah Cowley who died in 1809.

MEN of the world, even today, would probably agree with her. But not a woman of the calibre of Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist, born in 1859. "We are the daughters of our fathers as well as our mothers," she said. "In our dreams we still hear the clash of the shields of our forbears as they struck them together before battle and raised the shout of 'Freedom'! In our dreams it is with us still, and when we wake, it breaks from our own lips. We are the daughters of these men."

So she set the stage for the ever-increasing number of battlers who dared to cross the borders into what men arrogantly considered "No Woman's Land."

"Remember, the way to be happy is to do good," said Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer. She was herself a wife and the mother of eleven children.



" . . . But when you marry a man you must accept everything about him, and above all, believe in him," says Eleanor Roosevelt. She has also said, "I cannot imagine living in fear of imminent death."

Such women can show us, in a word, how to live.

Then there are those who have shown men the way to die.

Edith Cavell, about to die by the firing squad on October 12, 1915, said, "I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

Elizabeth Atwater, a missionary in China, about to be brutally murdered by the Chinese wrote her farewell to her relatives: "The Lord is wonderfully near, and He will not fail me. I was very restless and excited when there seemed a chance of life, but God has taken away that feeling. The pain will soon be over, and oh, the sweetness of the welcome above! My little baby will go with me. I think God will give it to me in Heaven."

Sherborne

The Street of Sighs

In this street lived the apothecary of human hearts.

But did the ring he gave to Susan really

make her grow lovelier every day,

or was it a love reborn? What was the truth?

by CHARLES C. O'CONNELL

THE Street of Sighs, lost in the labyrinth of narrow cobbleways, was in the very heart of the native quarter. It had a sad and bloody history which the Arab guide related to the boat party with obvious relish. He was a short man with a greasy military cap and cast-off khaki tunic and shorts. He wore no footwear. A scanty beard clung to his cadaverous jaws and he seemed to possess but two teeth in the front of his mouth which frequently entered into all his narratives. He continually wiped his nose on his sleeve. His English, which he evidently thought very good, was atrocious.

John Brookes, on the fringe of the boat party, marvelled at the laceration of syntax. Though his academic sense was outraged, he had never suspected that a language could be so mutilated and still convey some sense. According to the guide a certain Sultan who had lived "deep in the desert very far away long ago," had butchered every marriageable girl in the street because the inhabitants would not disclose the whereabouts of his daughter, who had "against his willingness a Christman married once more."

He went on to describe in detail how some of these unfortunate young women met their death, but the brutality of the word pictures was mellowed somewhat by his comical English. However he did succeed in investing the narrow street with a mantle of tragedy, and the sunshine and shadows playing among the tunnelled doorways served to heighten the sinister atmosphere.

There were a few stalls in the shade offering dried fruit and roasted tit-bits, and an old woman quite near squatted behind pillars of assorted pots and vases, seemed to have only a detached interest in her wares. A tall patriarchal man standing outside the shadowed doorway of his shop captured John Brookes's attention. He seemed to be watching the boat party with mild curiosity, one hand lost among his white robes and the other gently stroking a full beard which fell in rare luxuriance on his breast. A turban of white material covered his head and ears. Moses or Abraham would have looked like that, thought Brookes, or perhaps Solomon grown old and repentant. Impulsively he left the party, still enjoying the gruesome history of the Street of Sighs, and walked towards the white figure.

As he closed the short distance between them the impression of sanctity or wisdom was heightened rather than diminished. The skin of the old man was unusually light in colour, the brow smooth, the nose straight with slightly flaring nostrils, but it was the hand stroking the beard which fascinated Brookes. On the middle finger was a ring set with a stone of deep ruby like a great drop of blood. The fingers themselves were long and lean, the fingers of a poet, or a painter, or perhaps a musician. . . .

A small plaque let into the wall beside the doorway spelt a legend in Arabic, a language that Brookes did not know, but he pretended to study the inscription with great interest. For some reason he could not fathom, he ardently desired to engage the aged Arab in conversation, and was on the point of trying his poor French when the bearded man said: "Do you read Arabic?"

BROOKES was more surprised by the thinness of the other's voice than the faultless English. "Unfortunately not. I was merely wondering what it said."

The older man glanced fleetingly at the plaque with a slight smile of amusement. "It is easy to translate but may be difficult for you to understand. Perhaps it would be easier if I told you that this house is an apothecary's chamber where medicine is dispensed for the human heart. Even that is (*Continued on page 70*)

Give me a thatched roof!

Why not a thatched roof over your head? Aesthetic considerations apart, thatch has marked advantages. DAVID GUNSTON discusses the practical side of using the well-loved traditional covering for the modern country house

Thatch on a Buckinghamshire cottage, built in the Dutch tradition in recent years

THERE is a peculiarly English quality about thatch which endears it to the heart of every beholder. The English countryside would never be the same without its neat clusters of picturesque thatched cottages; the soft curved lines are part of our landscape.

But every year the number of decently thatched buildings decreases and the craft itself totters on the brink of irremediable extinction. The tourist tends to take the thatched roofs he sees very much for granted, but the startling truth is that unless drastic and well-planned action is taken very soon, thatching may well become a lost art. The reason is simply that there are not enough skilled thatchers.

After the war the Ministry of Works asked the Royal Institute of British Architects to set up a working committee to study the use of various building materials. The Committee were much impressed by the value and beauty of thatch, and they felt "that an effort should be made to bring renewed life to this essentially local craft. A system of apprenticeship should be organized before thatching becomes a lost art."

Thus even apart from aesthetic considerations, thatch is worth preserving. A thatched roof has a number of marked advantages which are seldom realized by those whose knowledge of thatch is confined to admiring it from outside.

The first of these is its amazing powers of insulation. Go and live under a thatched roof after years under a slate or tile one and you will be amazed at the pleasantness of the straw or reed. The thatch sits like a deep blanket, keeping out extraneous noise, even in the heaviest rainstorm, and also retaining warmth in winter and cool air in summer. This double thermal insulation throughout the year is a great asset in any house—and the material can often be got locally.

There are, in fact, a number of reasons why thatch should be developed as a building material, particularly in these days of pressure on other materials.

For many centuries a thatched roof was looked upon as a sign of degrading poverty, fit only for the pauper. As one Palsgrave, writing in the year 1530, put it: " . . . I am but a poor man, sythe I cannot tyle my house, I must be fayne to thacke it." Before this crude thatch had been the universal roof covering. It was often mixed with clay. Then, as building technique developed, all those who could afford it went in for more advanced materials for their dwellings.

By the turn of the Nineteenth Century the thatched roof was beginning to be regarded as an asset, and since about 1920 a thatched cottage has come to be regarded as an ideal country place.

But the swing in favour of thatch did not come soon enough to arrest the decay in the industry. Thatchers had long been hard put to it to scrape a living, and new recruits were seldom attracted to what had by this time become unprofitable work. This has led to the paradoxical state of affairs at the present time, when many thatched premises are deteriorating for lack of skilled attention, and existing thatchers make good money with ease.

Throughout its history thatching has been a local art. Local men handed down the knowledge and skill to their children, local materials were invariably used. Although this localization is not a bad thing in itself it may yet prove to be the downfall of the art; for to keep pace with modern needs and prices, the work must be partly standardized. Costing methods must be universal.

THATCH may be of either straw (wheat or rye) or reed. Straw is obtainable everywhere, although the use of the modern threshing-machine tends to crush the stems and take the "body" out of it. Reeds are usually grown specially for the purpose, in Norfolk. Reed thatch is expensive, but it lasts longer.

With the great demand for thatch-work a certain amount of shoddy, unskilled work has been passed off as the traditional art, but this is scorned by the real thatchers, whose skill is evident at a glance.

The thatcher begins at the eaves, working his way towards the ridge. The bundles are first wetted to make them lie flat, and then carefully laid on the rafters. After tying down with twine or wire, they are secured with strips of green wood. The bundles are clasped to the rafters with iron hooks and wooden pegs are occasionally used to flatten irregular portions. Each layer is flattened down before the next is placed on top, and the complete roof is brushed and beaten to secure the correct thickness and the flush finish.

The great bugbear of thatched buildings has always been the risk of fire, and even nowadays a thatched cottage that ignites is rarely saved. But chemical fireproofing with alum or similar solutions is efficient and easy to achieve, although the thatch is best treated before it is laid. A properly proofed roof will form no danger at all, but it does put 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. per cent on your fire insurance.

By a steady influx of new blood and the removal of age-old prejudices, thatching could become widespread again. In any case, it would be a sad day to see the last thatcher at work on the task he does so well.

Picture by courtesy of the British Travel Association

The soft curved lines and the snug charm of the thatched house, nestling into a green landscape, are part and parcel of the English scene. This Warwickshire cottage typifies the house that has endeared itself to all the world and to none more than the English themselves, thousands of whom have bought properties in recent years on the strength of the thatching alone, while countless others have dreamed of doing so. Yet the craft of thatching tottters on the brink of irremediable extinction

Forecast for the Summer is the 'natural look'—an air of fresh sparkling health. Put a spring in your walk, a sheen on your hair—and a twinkle in your eye—by the simple, sensible means of eating the right food

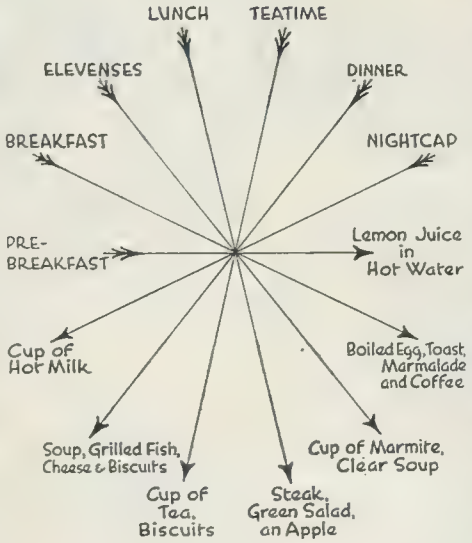
by ANNE de COURCY

We put the glass of milk in the centre of this picture because, alone, milk can sustain life. A fuller diet should include protein-giving meat and fish, butter and other fats, the carbohydrates contained in bread and potatoes and, last but not least, the vitamins in fresh fruit and vegetables of the varieties shown here

Chrysis answers individual beauty problems: write c/o "Britannia & Eve" Ingram House.

BASIS FOR BEAUTY

Here is a sample one-day menu for a balanced, healthy diet. You can amplify, reduce or modify it to suit your particular needs: for instance, the plump should cut "elevenses" and sweetened tea or coffee; the skinny can substitute chocolate soufflé with whipped cream for the lunchtime apple ▶



EVER since Paris presented the prize of a golden apple to Aphrodite the future of beauty competitions was assured.

Since those golden early days, sonnets, statues, paintings, and more recently the camera, have celebrated every aspect of feminine loveliness. Nothing has been neglected; new aids to beauty are constantly being discovered. Indeed, so successfully has art come to the aid of nature that it is often difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends.

But beauty, *real* beauty, is more than skilful make-up and newly-set hair. These make the glossy surface, but only surface—what counts is the foundation on which it is applied.

Just what is the foundation of beauty? Three words will sum it up: line, colour, and texture.

By line we mean a shapely figure and good bone structure; colour, or colouring, is self-explanatory; and texture, so often neglected, is seen in the velvety softness of a smooth skin and the shining ovals of well-kept nails. Some lucky ones are blessed from birth with these important assets, but if you yourself are not so blessed you can do a lot to develop and improve what you have.

The most important single factor in the development of basic beauty (which means basic good health) is a healthy diet. It is the cornerstone upon which the arch of your appearance is built.

First there is your shape, or line, to contend with. Bone structure is beyond your control—high cheekbones, snub nose, knock knees—you have to like them or lump them; but those extra, unlovely inches round waist or hips, unsightly hollows at the base of the neck, or a premature second chin can almost always be banished by diet.

A really stringent diet is something that should only be undertaken for curative purposes with a doctor's approval. But if you are only anxious to trim away a few unwanted pounds there are a number of modifications you can make to your daily menu that will produce satisfactory results.

Foremost among these is the habit of saying no to a second helping: this sounds like a truism, but many people excuse themselves with such a phrase as "Oh well, just this once can't do any harm." Perhaps, but, the average person finds it difficult to say no to a truffle on Thursday when they have already accepted Wednesday's marshmallow.

APART from the gift of saying "no," there are certain fat-making foods that should cut down to a minimum. Alcohol is fattening, so cut out the martinis and trust that your own natural élan will carry you through. Potatoes, bread, puddings, and other starchy foods are high on the list of fatteners, as we all know, but what is often not realized is that it is *starch in combination with fat* that does the greatest damage—the large pat of butter on the small piece of bread, potatoes roasted, fried or sautéed, those insidious mixtures of fat and starch, chocolate and rich cakes that blot out the waistline. (Even an oil dressing on salad can affect your weight.)

So, cut out the fat and starch combinations as far as possible. Eat lean meat and green vegetables, munch an apple or dry biscuit between meals if you feel a gap, and if you are accustomed to elevenses, choose one of the beverages that can be made with water instead of milk, in preference to milky, sweetened tea or coffee.

If you are dieting either to slim or to increase your weight, you should check this daily on the scales, to see what progress you (*Continued on page 74*).

195, Strand, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope

What's New?

FASHION, from experimenting gingerly with the tomboy clothes of the twenties, movable waistlines, chunky slave-girl jewellery, kohl-fringed eyes and pale oriental complexions, has swung round to the newest look of all—the natural look. Spring and summer clothes show a dominance of light clear colours, pinks, yellows, whites, that will influence your choice of cosmetics. Longer hair, soft and feminine, rosy-toned lipsticks, all add up to the picture of prettiness. This air of understatement — a quality peculiarly and particularly English—gives a discreet and subtle enhancement to your own individual charm.

TO help you capture this natural look, Mrs. Ray Cochrane, who has opened the Beauty Clinic at 82 Wigmore Street, London W.1., specializes in slimming away surplus pounds and stimulating a sluggish circulation. From Scandinavia she has brought over a new electrical treatment, Traxator massage, which quickens the blood flow, raises body temperature, and thus burns away excess fat deposits; in the Rouathermic Bath, from France, the infra-red heat inside the cabinet in which you lie tones and relaxes the skin while you slim. An hour's general slimming Traxator treatment costs £1 5s., 30 minutes local sliming costs 12s. 6d.; 45 minutes in the Rouathermic Bath costs 15s. 6d.

LIKE the Fairy Godmother, you can now give beauty as a present. Charles of the Ritz will supply gift vouchers for beauty treatments at their Salon at 3 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London W.1. On these vouchers are listed and priced the twenty-one treatments you can choose from, such as a manicure (7s. 6d.), skin analysis and skin care lesson, or cleanse and make-up (both 15s. 6d.), and the justly famous Revenescence mask (£1 7s. 6d.). These pale grey vouchers can be bought at the Salon, or sent for by post.

BEAUTY Counselors have brought out three new products: their Cleansing Lotion is a deep-penetrating liquid that spreads easily but does not trickle or spill so that you don't waste a drop; White Caps shampoo is for men, women or children; Bright Lights—best described as a hair "cocktail"—puts gleaming highlights into any shade of hair (but is *not* a tinted rinse) and at the same time improves its condition and texture. Prices respectively 9s. 2d., 5s. 10d., 8s. 9d. for 4 oz. bottles. For more details, and of the Beauty Counselor service (they visit you at your home, where you sample products before choosing), write to Beauty Counselors of London Ltd., 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1., who will put you in touch with the Beauty Counselor in your district.

Awkwardly, Ron thrust a white corsage box at her. . . . Inside were three white gardenias
I'll

Never Forget You

In a situation like this someone is bound to be hurt, but in making her choice would she be free from the past?

IT was the unexpectedness of seeing Ron Barker again that shook Deborah. It had been a most satisfactory day. She had spent the morning selecting material for her wedding gown. She returned home to be told that a man with a pleasant voice had telephoned several times. No, he wouldn't leave his name. She had been curious, but not disturbed.

Then, at one, she had met Alan. He was a tall man with freckles and a red brush of hair and a certain awkward grace that was boyish and appealing. He had said casually, "Let's take a drive out in the country."

His off-hand manner was valiant but hopeless because his wide mouth insisted in quirking into a delighted grin, and all the while they were driving along the country road she was thinking, "If he's bought the Reynolds' house I'll simply die of happiness."

He had. The Reynolds' house with its beautiful maple floors and its dormer windows. She had thrown her arms around his neck, "Oh Alan, you're much too good to me."

"I could never be that, Deborah." All at once there was such a great love for her in his eyes that a lump came in her throat and she felt sad because even though she loved Alan she couldn't love him as much as he loved her. But she vowed, "I'll make him happy. I will!"

It was almost five when they got back to town and there was time to listen to records. One moment she was walking happily beside Alan down the hall of Markley's Music Company towards a listening booth, her arms filled with record albums, and the next moment Alan, talking enthusiastically about Brahms, had opened the first booth and everything was changed.

She heard the music first, *Claire de Lune.* A cornet solo played sweetly and with great tenderness, and memory came rushing back catching at her throat. And then the man sitting in the chair listening rose to his feet and turned, and she was face to face with Ron Barker.

NOT a thin Ron now, eighteen and vulnerable, but a man, his gaunt form filled out and clothed in an expensive, well-fitting suit, with an air of confidence and ease about him. But he was still the old Ron looking down at her, his dark eyes saying, "Debbie, Debbie, sweet. . . ."

For a moment it was too much and she was dangerously afraid she was going to cry. She turned away. She heard Alan say, "Sorry, I didn't know this booth was in use."

And Ron answering, "That's quite all right." (*Continued overleaf*)

by MARY KNOWLES

Illustrations by John Niven

He took her in his arms. "I love you very much, Deborah, but the thing I want most is for you to be happy." She felt secure—but was understanding enough for a lasting marriage?

(*Continued from page* 37)

They walked across the hall to another booth. It was all over in a few seconds and yet six years had rolled back and she hadn't forgotten anything. That night at the hotel Mother had said: "Someday you'll look back and laugh at yourself all involved in a puppy love affair."

But she wasn't laughing now. She stood there holding the albums and feeling shattered because suddenly the house in the country and the wedding gown weren't important.

She looked at her reflection in the glass partition that separated the booth, but did not see herself in the black gabardine suit with the flowered hat on her short blonde hair. She saw instead another girl, oh so young, in a red coat with a white kerchief tied over her bright shoulder-length hair.

"Know him?" Alan asked.

For a moment her throat closed so that she couldn't speak. "He wants to know if I know you, Ron," she thought. "Should I tell him that when I was sixteen we were married? Should I tell him that I have never stopped loving you?"

And then she saw the anxious way Alan was looking at her and she remembered when he proposed. He'd said: "I'll make you love me, Deborah. You'll see."

"But I do love you, Alan."

HE'D just held her close then, but there had been a look of almost hopeless uncertainty in his eyes. It was there again and she couldn't tell him about Ron. She couldn't hurt him.

She said: "He's just a boy I used to know at school."

"For a moment your face went so white, Deborah."

"Did it?" she laughed. "I must be more tired than I thought."

"And here I stand like a dunce letting you hold those heavy albums." He took the records and she sat down in a leather easy chair.

"Let's have Debussy first." He was busy putting on the record. "Frankly," he said over his shoulder, his mouth turning up whimsically, "I didn't know getting married was so involved. If I had my way I'd like to elope and——"

"No, Alan!" She spoke more sharply than she intended to and saw the hurt in his eyes.

"That was selfish of me," he apologized. "Of course every girl wants a church wedding with all the trimmings."

She wanted to say: "You're wrong, Alan. It isn't the church. It isn't the trimmings. It's the person you're marrying that makes it important."

But she didn't. She put her head back and closed her eyes and Debussy's *La Mer* filled the room and then faded away and she was sixteen again and hurrying down the path to the river, to Ron. . . .

DEBBIE reached the last bend in the path and paused. There was a break in the dense foliage like a small window so that she could look down and see the wooden bench by the river, and Ron.

In that moment when Ron thought he was alone, she could tell how things were with him. There had been that first time they met by the river, after Mother and Dad had forbidden her ever to see him again. She had watched then, and Ron had paced back and forth in the small clearing and every few steps he would stop and look up. And she had to reach him *now* to let him know she loved him.

He'd caught her in his arms then. "You did come, Debbie!"

"You thought I ought to stay away?"

"Maybe your parents are right, Debbie. After all who am I? I——"

"It's what you're going to be, Ron. Someday you'll play your (*Continued on page* 76)

BOOKS

From Spain to spam, by way of family dynasties, love, domestic frustrations, backstage theatre —a mixed bag, with something for everyone

by

TREVOR ALLEN

INTO THE SUN . . .

MARCH daffodils set us dreaming of holidays in the sun. Irene Holdsworth is their connoisseur, for when the longing becomes unbearable she lets her flat, sells something no longer precious to her, or takes some temporary, distasteful job to earn enough to escape. **A Taste For Travel** (Seeley Service, 15s.) is her excitingly infectious account of holidays in Dalmatia, the Aegean Isles, the Balearics, Italy, Spain, France, with sunny photographs. She writes lightly, informatively, has a bright eye for beauty and takes in small, charming, less-known places like Tamariu on the Costa Brava. Thank you, ma'am.

All That Matters, a very human love story written with Denise Robins' own inimitable touch. *Below:* Patterns of every description, hints and advice, are given in this **New Crochet And Hairpin Work**

FOR a Birmingham-born parson's daughter Verily (nice name) Anderson has certainly seen life. The family's school bills, she says, were paid for by stud fees for the terriers she bred, and there was never a week when "the village carrier did not come lumbering down the drive bringing one or more boxed bitches to a dog's wedding." False hopes of a musical career took her to the Royal College of Music. She was then, in turn, nursery-maid, governess, chauffeuse, scene-shifter, ballet-dancer's dresser, and would-be emigrant to Canada.

What Canada lost the F.A.N.Y. gained, for she became an ambulance driver commanded by "a bubbly-haired old actress who, as the niece of a senior army officer, took her position very seriously.... Sometimes, judging by her modes of addressing us, she saw us as Mayfair débutantes, and sometimes as Men Going Over the Top." Her Fanny days were indeed funny, notably when she was court-martialled for knocking down a gatepost; and jury and witnesses were so painfully embarrassed by the criminal procedure (in a drawing-room) that "I began to feel as though I was having my appendix out in a public waiting-room." **Spam Tomorrow** (Hart-Davis, 15s.) also covers marriage, motherhood, and fun with Yank soldiers in a style as brisk and breezy as *The Egg And I* and kindred U.S. frolics. But she should know that F.A.N.Y. has *not* functioned "since the Boer War," only since 1907 (*vide* Dame Irene Ward's *F.A.N.Y. Invicta*, a recent history).

Margaret M. Pearson had a good idea for **Bright Tapestry** (Harrap, 18s.)—to tell historic stories of our Stately Homes, many of which are now open to the public. But instead of being content with stories closely connected with the houses, she romps off into complicated lore only faintly and very indirectly linked with some of them. For example, the Villiers link with Sir Edward Coke's Stoke Poges Manor drags her into a long digression on the scandalous intrigues of the 2nd Duke of Buckingham and the Countess of Shrewsbury—interesting in itself, but hardly apposite. A simpler, sparer approach would have been better, for you can hardly see the houses for the people—crowds of 'em, cluttering up the avenues she so painstakingly explores, leaving no story-stone unturned. One can have too much material for such a book, just as too little. Miss Pearson scoops it all in with a bulldozer, but it is certainly value for money, with pictorial maps thrown in.

ANOTHER prodigious compilation is V. M. FitzRoy's **Dark Bright Land** (Maskew Miller & Bailey Bros. & Swinfen, 25s.), the story of four strains of one family in the development of South Africa in the past century. Starting with family letters from India and the Cape, it becomes a pioneering saga of adventures, setbacks, triumphs, through an era of vital, eruptive growth, a country's history from the personal, biographical angle. One admires the author's industry in compiling in detail a vast dynastic chronicle and filling the gaps imaginatively. It merits a place on the South Africa shelves of every library.

A novel that is to be a family story through a few generations does well to start with the earlier ones so that the reader's interest (*Continued on page* 79)

it's FUN being a

Elevenses comes up for Jenny Jones. Location, Albert Embankment, London. Part of the children's film *Raiders Of The River* is being made

Work on the same film meets a hold-up through rain and three of the cast are rehearsing their lines under cover. Locale, Covent Garden

Filming for child actors is fun but they are not all pampered pets. Their schooling is in the classroom *and* the studio and there is little skylarking in either. This writer is Executive Officer of the Children's Film Foundation

by MARY FIELD, O.B.E.

Jenny Jones and Richard O'Sullivan rehearse a scene with the director. This time the film scenario has taken the film unit to London Docks

"AND now we'll cast the children"—the film story has been chosen, the scenario written, the team of technicians assembled.

Next, the film company must find the actors to bring its story to life on the screen. Casting the adult characters is difficult enough, if the right appearance, the right voice, the right characterization are to be ensured. But to cast boys and girls is twice as difficult. Few children have a record of professional achievement. The slim little girl has put on puppy fat; the shy little boy has reached the boisterous stage; the charming little freckle-face has lost some first teeth and smiles gappily. What, in these straits, does the film producer do to find children for his film?

The maker of expensive films, with a temperamental director to placate, usually agrees to employ a child who has never acted before but whose appearance is engaging to adults and particularly to the director Often it is the son or daughter of some colleague. The production schedule allows for limitless time to be spent on these children. As many as seventy-two "takes" of a simple scene with a child in it is not unknown. The item "sundries" on the costing sheets allows for bribes in the form of space-suits or model railways. Usually such children make a brief appearance on our screens and then disappear, since they have no abiding talent.

Jenny at the reader's desk in the film studio, twiddles the knobs for fun and, incidentally learns something about the first principles of physics

FILM CHILD!

Photographs by MacDomnic

But the greatest employers of child actors in Britain, the Children's Film Foundation, cannot afford such methods. It must make as many good films as it can with its annual grant from the film industry.

The various film companies that contract with the Foundation to make its pictures turn naturally to the dramatic schools to supply the boys and girls who are the first essential in an entertainment film for children.

In and around London, there are a number of first-class schools which give training in stage, film and television acting as well as in the usual school subjects. All are inspected and licensed by the L.C.C., and enrol boys and girls, mostly the children of actors who have the stage, films and television in their blood. It is these schools that supply the needs of the production manager, since they are also licensed as theatrical agents.

The time-table of a dramatic school is a surprise to people who think of film children as pampered darlings. The hours from nine to one are taken up with ordinary school lessons then, after an hour's dinner break, the afternoon, from two to four, is devoted to special training in all branches of acting. But no one can slack in the morning. Pupils who do not reach a reasonable standard of proficiency at lessons are not allowed to take professional engagements. It is a simple equation that careless arithmetic equals no film job. So the children work hard, for all are eager to act professionally.

THE call goes out from the film casting-office: "A boy, dark or fair, small for his age, London type"; "Girl, small, lively, preferably dark, London type." Suitable candidates are collected from several schools and attend the film offices accompanied by chaperones. One by one they are called in, interviewed, sent out, called in again. If acting is to be their profession they must early become accustomed to the disappointments of casting—"You would have had the job but you're too much like the other boy"—"You're too short"—"You're too tall."

Children in children's films must be acceptable in a world market—sometimes they are too typically English. Frequent interviewing teaches the children to be calm, good-tempered, philosophic.

At last Richard and Jenny, shall we say, are chosen, from different schools, to play the children in the British children's serial *Raiders Of The River*. They will have to be up early to be at the studios by eight for make-up or, on location, to start filming by nine. Sometimes, if the studios are a long way from Central London, the production company sends a car to save the

(*Continued on page 68*)

Young Richard O'Sullivan, during the making by the Children's Film Foundation of a film to be released next year in eight episodes for showing to children on Saturday mornings. This eleven-year-old has established himself over the last two years as a great favourite with child audiences and is assessed by Mary Field as a young actor with a future. An attendant governess is in the studio with all child film actors, watchful for their welfare and even (*left*) acting as a seamstress when Richard loses a button from his windcheater

First, all about wallpapers

Lincrusta is back in a big way. New effects and colours have turned up in this traditional linoleum-type wall covering. There are several modern wood effects, a block stone design and, again, a bamboo reed texture.

Lincrusta tiles are now also available in black, pink, pale blue and green in addition to the existing white and cream tiles. As an alternative to the more expensive real tiles, there is no better way of covering kitchen or bathroom walls in a really durable manner.

The modern woods and the bamboo reed effects could be effectively used to cover folding screens, back in fashion, or for a panel behind a coat rack in a hall or passage.

Washable wallpapers are on the increase. These have a plastic coating that gives a semi-matt appearance. They are kept clean by wiping with a damp cloth wrung out in lukewarm water. No need for scrubbing with soap or detergents.

Amongst these papers are several patterns not specifically designed for kitchens or bathrooms, but suitable for other parts of the house. One example is an enlarged "snowflake" design that features finely drawn black and red snowflakes scattered over a white ground. An alternative colouring of black and metallic gold on white ground is also available. Then there is a black trellis pattern on citron yellow or red ground—smart in a little hall or passage.

It is fashionable to bring the outdoors into the home and there are several wallpapers to do this charmingly. One resembles bricks, another wattle fencing and there are some faithful reproductions of bamboo reed with a beautiful texture and simplicity.

You can pretend you are eating outdoors by putting a dado of "brick" wallpaper into the breakfast nook and top it with a gay floral paper or an ivy trellis design.

Alternatively, use a "wattle fencing" wallpaper. These papers can be carried right up to the ceiling and used with plants in wrought iron holders for decoration.

Texture is as important in decorating today as colour or design and the manufacturers have produced several modern designs in this field.

Some of these are based on textile weaves, especially tweeds, and are specially well suited to a masculine room. Others resemble hessian or linen, and leather. Apart from these "woven" effects, there are relief patterns that stand out clearly.

Various abstract forms make their appearance on textured wallpapers now and bring them right into line with contemporary ideas. In this way, the manufacturers cater for people who prefer the heavier wallpaper of tradition but, nevertheless, appreciate modern design.

Home Decorating Without Tears

In a do-it-yourself world there is no room for faint hearts. If this is your first attempt at decorating take courage from these tips—from a woman who has "done" her own home and now calls herself an experienced amateur

by MARGARET BOWIE

MANY would-be home decorators must have been diverted from making a start by books of instructions that stress the professional approach. Technicalities are very off-putting but, in fact, there is no reason at all to be apprehensive.

The alarming stories spread by unsuccessful amateurs and the technicalities of the professional can safely be ignored. I know from hard experience that the mastery of good home decorating lies in the patience to do a thorough job without skipping any of the unpleasanter chores, plus the simple know-how when it comes to technicalities.

These are no secret, though the professionals are apt to shake their heads darkly over the amateur, as if he could *never* learn.

With my husband I have decorated my own house from end to end—successfully. I am going to pass on to you the tips—some of them not strictly in the professional book—that have helped us to achieve some very satisfactory and highly economical results.

For a start, let me say that it is quite unsafe and uneconomic to deny yourself the appropriate tools for the job. If you plan to be your own decorator in a big way, the best tools are an investment. They last, and produce the best work.

FOR painting, basic equipment includes a paint scraper; a shave-hook (for stripping), pumice stone and varying textures of sandpaper. At least two brushes for the actual painting are essential, and filler (plaster of Paris, or the prepared Alabastine) is necessary for making good holes and cracks in the woodwork and the plaster.

If paint has been very badly neglected an electric paint stripper is a boon to the amateur. Not all of these are expensive and if you own your house and plan to do a lot of your own work it can be considered an investment.

There are always blow-lamps, of course, but unless one has had plenty of practice in handling, I don't recommend their use indoors. In any case, women find them rather alarming to handle and unless one is very deft it is easy to damage the wood. Indoor paintwork is seldom so bad as to need such drastic treatment. Generally patient and thorough rubbing down with sandpaper or pumice stone is sufficient.

It sometimes happens that in places where sun falling directly on to window-sills and frames has blistered the surface badly it is necessary to take the old paint off. In this case use a liquid paint-stripper which can be bought at the hardware stores. Apply the stripper, leave a short time and then take the paint off with a metal scraper, using the shave-hook for corners and mouldings. The wood must be washed down very thoroughly with vinegar and water after. Let it dry well before you resume work sandpapering or painting. You can be rubbing down elsewhere in the meantime.

Once the old paint is off, cracks and nail holes in the wood surface will show more plainly. These need filling. Mix some filler with water to a fairly stiff consistency and work well into the cracks or holes. Level off the surplus very carefully with a knife blade and when it has quite set—and not before—use a *fine* sandpaper on the surface and finish off by wiping the woodwork to rid it of the dust which will have collected.

Mix only a little filler at a time. It (*Continued on page* 45)

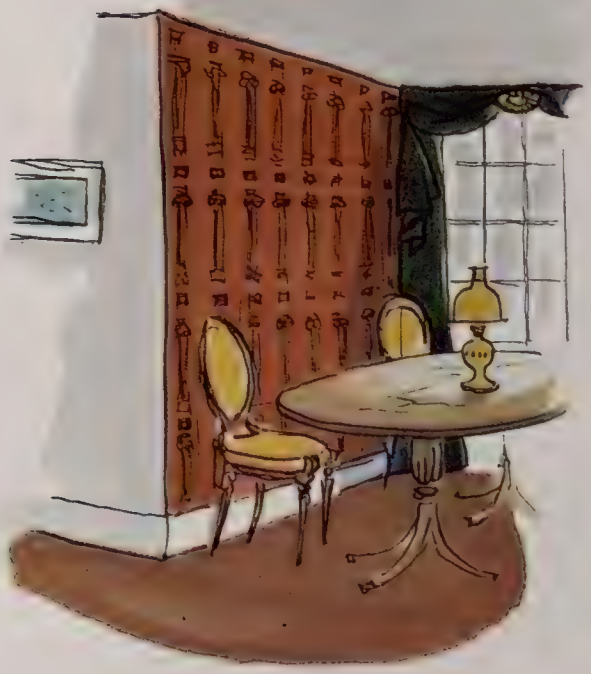
Photographed by Caradog Williams

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT PAPERS?

This year's wallpapers show that the early exuberance of contemporary designs has settled down into an easy-to-live-with rôle. Colours are vibrant and there is some emphasis on the use of black and white and even more on heliotrope (seen on the extreme right above), which is delightful in combination with white paint. There are washable papers suitable for all parts of the house, and for kitchens and bathrooms there are convincing tile patterns equally non-allergic to sponging. The papers shown here are from the Spring ranges of Crown Wallpapers; Palladio; Sandersons, and Coles

Choosing the paper you like is not so difficult as visualizing it on the walls of the room. We have hung three of the papers from the selection on the previous page to give you ideas

Illustrations by Patricia Lyttelton



"Columns" (Palladio) with its classical associations asks to be used with graceful period furniture. Here it provides the background for a dining recess and contrasts with pale grey walls elsewhere

The vine leaf trell (Crown) mounts the staircase in company with white painted treads and risers and a grey carpet. The hall is distempered in rose

To frame the window at one end of a narrow kitchen a Crown culinary paper featuring the ingredients of a mixed hors-d'oeuvre in delicate pastel colours on white

Trusting to the eye and the visual sense alone when planning a room scheme of decoration is hazardous for the amateur. Decorators make a basic plan and it is a wise move. Draw a rough scale plan of the room, get a paint box and fill in the colours. Balance these in turn with snippets of the fabrics you intend to use and, hey presto, your new room is before your eyes—a room to which you can still make changes

(*Continued from page* 42)

sets quickly and beginners are not fast workers as a rule, so mix it by the cupful.

I included two brushes in the general equipment for painting and generally these will be found sufficient for most jobs. For doors and skirtings a flat brush not less than two inches wide is best, and for window frames there is a sash tool—a slim pointed brush for narrow strips of wood near the panes. For good measure, you might add a one-inch flat brush for mouldings and picture rails.

It does not pay to be over cautious about the quantity of paint you buy at one time. Manufacturers cannot guarantee that any two tins of paint, unless from the same factory batch, will be of identical shade. So, measure the square footage of the surfaces you have to cover and take these measurements to a good paint dealer. He will advise you about quantities. But go to a good dealer, the little shop which does not specialize in decorating materials is not always well informed.,

Don't stint time, either for stirring the paint, whether it is undercoat or top coat, before you commence to work. The better the quality of the paint, the more stirring it will need. Time spent mixing is never wasted. In fact, time spent on the preparation for the actual work of applying paint, distemper or paper, is the only sound insurance of a good result.

Exterior work demands the best paint you can afford. A good branded, medium-priced paint will suffice for indoors.

It is false economy again to apply paint, whether undercoat or top coat, as if it were rationed. The secret of a good finish is to use the paint liberally, spreading it with long sweeping strokes so that it will not form unpleasant little rivers. A well painted surface should never run, but until you are confident watch closely for any runs that may occur. It is easier to pick them up while the paint is still wet than to remedy the defects when the paint becomes tacky.

Remember: a good undercoat is just as important as a top coat . . . in some cases more so. Particularly when covering a poor surface or paint of a darker shade.

THERE is a correct order of procedure for painting doors. This is it: start at the right-hand top panel; go on to the left-hand top panel; the right-hand bottom panel; the left-hand bottom panel. Finally do the door mouldings, working from top to bottom, finishing with the frame.

Paper-hanging is one of the jobs where two amateurs are better than one.

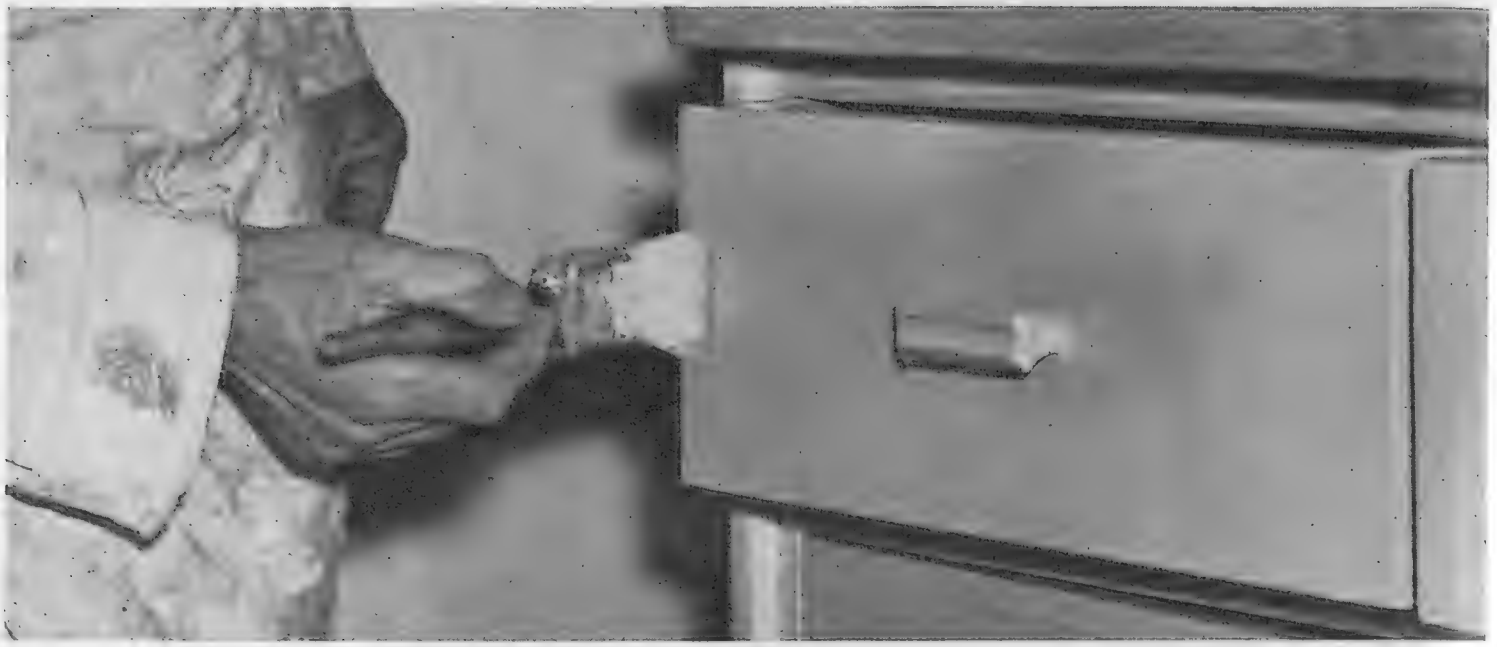
Basic equipment for papering consists of a wide paste brush (which can also be used for distempering), paper-remover, size, a small roller for the joints, and non-staining cellulose adhesive which, for the amateur, is preferable to paste . . . and, of course, paper, ready-trimmed by your dealer.

To assist amateur paper-hangers, some wallpapers are now produced with a semi-trimmed selvedge. Here neither trimmer nor scissors are necessary and the procedure is to cut the lengths, paste them, fold them ready for hanging and remove the selvedge by merely pulling it away from the edge of the paper. In other words, these wallpapers are trimmed *after* pasting, not before.

For absolute perfection of result the professional usually strips the wall completely, thereby adding to the hours of labour, and to his bill. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to strip off old wallpaper provided that it has a smooth surface, is butt-jointed, and is still firmly stuck to plaster that itself is in sound condition. The old paper will act as a lining to the new one.

If the paper is curling back and the wall surface is poor, strip off the old paper. Here is a quick way to set about it.

(*Continued on page* 46)



Most people remove drawers for painting, but not the expert. Half open the drawer and apply the paint liberally, smoothing it out in long, even sweeps, holding the brush as this man is doing. If drawer handles are removable take them off before you begin work

When working in a cramped position, like the painter here, choose the daytime when the light is strong. Artificial light throws deceiving shadows on the work and it is easy to get an uneven coverage which is only clearly seen in the light of day

(*Continued from previous page*)

Collect plenty of newspapers and spread them over the floor, particularly near the skirtings. Then mix a packet of Paper Remover in a bucket of water, and brush on liberally, giving the walls a good soaking. Use the paint scraper for getting off the old paper, and if any pieces are obstinate, give them a second soaking.

Hold the scraper flat against the wall to avoid gashing the plaster. An accident involves extra work "making good." If the scraper slips, or the plaster proves to have been hiding cracks under the paper, mix some Alabastine and fill the holes, smoothing the surplus away with an old knife. Let it dry out, then sandpaper it to smooth off, before repapering.

Don't forget to size the walls, brushing the size evenly over the whole surface and into corners. Wash out the bucket and brush when you have finished.

UNLESS you have more than average stamina, you will need to give yourself a rest after this, leaving the papering till the next day. A tired amateur is seldom a good paperhanger.

Before applying the paste to the paper, sort the rolls keeping the closest matching ones together. Some rolls tend to vary in tone.

Keep your sorted rolls of paper together and measure off the correct lengths by holding the paper against the wall from picture rail to skirting, allowing a few inches over. Cut off the first length and lay it flat beside the spread roll of paper to make sure that the patterns match at the top before you measure off the next piece. You may find some wastage at this point, so always match before you cut.

A home-made plumb line is indispensable for ensuring that the paper is hung straight. A long piece of string with a fairly small but heavy object such as a door-handle tied at one end, does for this. Hang the plumb line from picture rail to skirting. See that it is taut, and make little pencil ticks on the wall all the way down the string. These will act as a guide-line for the first piece of paper you hang. It is no use relying on the eye, or even on the corner of the room, as a guide. It is surprising just how crooked a wall can be. Bear this in mind when you measure off each piece of paper. The drop from picture rail to skirting at one end of

Washing off a ceiling is hard work, but unless all the old whitewash or distemper is removed the new coat will quickly flake and bubble. Get into a secure positon on a sound base at sufficient height and the work will go with a swing. Stretching is the most fatiguing part of the work

the room may vary by an inch or two from that at the other.

Mix the paste in a clean bucket, following the instructions on the packet implicitly. The new plastic pastes are very simple and clean to handle. For the pasting use the large brush.

At this point it is best to decide whether you are going to butt the joints or lap them. Butting means laying the paper edge to edge. It is much neater to do it this way.

Almost all paper is butted nowadays, but lapping is permissible when you come to the corners or the turn of a chimney breast. The paper may distort if you try to get the whole width of the roll in position. Cut it so that only about an inch is taken round the corner. The next piece can be lapped over the edge of the first one, and as it will be in a corner is hardly noticeable. Odd shapes of paper around fireplaces, doors and windows must be worked out meticulously by measurement, using a ruler and allowing for matching the pattern, if there is one.

IF the room has been cleared of furniture, or if this has been pushed together in the centre of the floor, you will have space to move around the table on which the pasting is done. This will need to be a firm one and, for the amateur, the longer it is the better.

Now take one of the cut lengths, lay it face downward on the table, one edge of the paper along one edge of the table. Paste it liberally in sections, sliding it along and letting it overhang the end of the table. You can keep it off the floor by spreading newspapers over the boards. Paste every square inch, right off the edges.

Professionals generally fold the paper back on itself concertina-wise. It is quite simple to do after a little practice, but if this is your first attempt you will find it easier at this point to work with another person.

WHEN the piece is pasted, one person can take the top end, while the other holds the bottom of the paper. The top is lined up against the picture rail, while the rest of the paper is kept clear of the wall. Line up the side with the pencil marks made earlier, then smooth with a cloth, working from top to bottom, taking care that no creases or blisters appear on the paper. If any appear, pull the paper away from the bottom and lay it again. You need not fear tearing. Wallpaper is surprisingly tough unless you are using the most indifferent quality.

When you come to light switches, hang the unpasted paper over the switch, in its correct position, and press gently against the switch so that the paper receives an impression. This acts as a rough guide, and enables you to make a series of razor cuts, radiating from the centre point, so that when the *pasted* paper is smoothed down the wall, the switch will push through it at the right point. When the paper is stuck to the wall, trim away the surplus around the switch.

If any paste has got on the skirting, sponge it away quickly when trimming the top and bottom edges.

After every three or four lengths have been hung, the little joint-roller can be run up and down the joins to make these inconspicuous. Only light pressure is necessary, as the joins will be shiny if too much pressure is used. Keep your slightly moistened cloth handy just in case any paste oozes through and has to be dabbed off. Damp on the surface of the paper will dry out.

Papering ceilings does not differ from papering walls, except that it means working in a difficult and tiring position. Postpone experiments with ceiling paper until you feel quite confident of your skill with the walls.

FORTUNATELY, ceilings do not require papering with anything like the same frequency as walls, though if you are renewing the wall surfaces you will hardly want to leave the ceiling undone. In any case coloured ceilings are popular now and *very* effective. This is not the same thing as washable wall distemper, but you get an equally good choice of colours.

Some people like to paint the ceiling, but there is a lot to be said for distemper because when the ceiling has to be done again it is easily washed off, whereas paint needs a good deal of preparing.

A short-cut way to distemper a ceiling is as follows. Wash the ceiling, using a sponge or stiffish brush. Change the water frequently and make sure not to leave clots of old whitewash or distemper unmoved. Don't saturate the surface and let it dry well before you put on the new distemper. (*Continued on page* 60)

March-cheater... This 4-ply sweater, in two contrasting colours, is knitted in two pieces. The back of the sweater is plain.

A 4-ply sports sweater and a 2-ply blouse, specially designed to meet the Spring for all—

Outdoor Occasions...

MATERIALS.—For the 32- to 34-in. bust size, 14 oz. of Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply, Patonised in Grey and 2 oz. of similar wool in White; a pair of No. 11 knitting needles; 35- to 37-in. bust size, 15 oz. of Grey and 2 oz. of White; a pair of No. 10 needles; 38- to 40-in. bust size, 16 ozs. of Grey and 2 ozs. of White; a pair of No. 9 needles. For all sizes, a spool of fine grey sewing elastic. **Measurements.**—To fit 32- to 34-in. bust size, length 20 ins.; 35- to 37-in. bust size, length 20½ ins.; 38- to 40-in. bust size, length 21 ins. Sleeve seam, all sizes, 20 ins. or as required. **Tension.**—8 sts. and 10½ rows on No. 11 needles; 7½ sts. and 10 rows on No. 10 needles; and 7 sts. and 9½ rows on No. 9 needles to 1 in. in st.-st. **Colour abbreviations.** G., grey; W., white. See opposite page for abbreviations and Note 1.

THE FRONT

Cast on 100 sts. with G. Work 4 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib.

Next row.—K. this row and inc. in 1st and every 5th st., also in last st. (121 sts.). Proceed in st.st., beg. with a p. row and inc. at both ends of 7th and every 6th row until there are 6 inc. rows. Work straight on the 133 sts. until st.-st. is 5 ins. long, finishing on a p. row. Begin pattern.

1st row.—66 G., 1 W., 66 G.
2nd row.—65 G., 3 W., take a second ball of G., so that there is a separate G. ball for each side, 65 G.
3rd row.—64 G., 5 W., 64 G.
4th row.—63 G., 7 W., 63 G.
5th row.—62 G., 9 W., 62 G.
6th row.—61 G., 11 W., 61 G.
7th and 8th rows.—60 G., 13 W., 60 G.
9th, 10th and 11th rows.—As 6th, 5th and 4th rows.
12th row.—As previous row.
13th and 14th rows.—62 G., 9 W., 62 G.
15th and 16th rows.—61 G., 11 W., 61 G.
17th and 18th rows.—60 G., 13 W., 60 G.
19th row.—59 G., 15 W., 59 G.
20th row.—51 G, 1 W, 7 G, 15 W, 7 G, 1 W, 51 G.
21st row.—51 G, 2 W, 5 G, 17 W, 5 G, 2 W, 51 G.
22nd row.—50 G, 4 W, 4 G, 17 W, 4 G, 4 W, 50 G.
23rd row.—50 G, 5 W, 2 G, 19 W, 2 G, 5 W, 50 G.
24th row.—49 G, 7 W, 1 G, 19 W, 1 G, 7 W, 49 G.
25th row.—49 G, (*Continued on page 80*)

In stocking-stitch, with a simple lacy pattern, this yoked blouse—in 2-ply wool—can be knitted by hand or by machine. And, of course, it can be adapted for town or country wear

MATERIALS. 8 (8, 9) oz. of Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. "Springtime" All Wool Super Botany Fingering 2-ply. 1 pair each Nos. 12, 13 and 14 knitting needles. **Machine knitting.** 1 pair No. 13 knitting needles. 12 buttons. **Measurements.** To fit 32 to 33-in. bust size, length 21 ins. 34 to 35-in. bust size, length 21½ ins. 36- to 37-in. bust size, length 22 ins. Sleeve seam, all sizes, 4 ins. **Tension.** 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. over main body of work. Machine to be set to give this tension. **Abbreviations.** K., knit; p., purl; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; st(s)., stitch(es); st.-st., stocking-stitch, which is k.1, p.1 row alternately.

Note 1. *Where three alternative figures are given, the first is for the smallest size, the second for the middle size, and the third for the largest size.*

Note 2. Paragraphs headed **Hand Knitting** refer to hand knitting version only; those headed **Machine Knitting** to machine knitting only. **All other paragraphs apply to both versions.**

BACK

Hand knitting. With No. 12 needles.

Machine knitting. Using main tension. Cast on 153 (162, 171) sts.

** Work in k.1, p.1 rib for an inch, then change to st.-st. and work 3 ins.

Hand knitting. Change to No. 14 needles.

Machine knitting. Change to tension two sizes smaller than for body of work.

Work in st.-st. for 1½ ins.

Hand knitting. Change to No. 12 needles.

Machine knitting. Change to main tension.

Continue until back measures 13½ (14, 14½) ins. **

Shape Armholes. Cast off 8 (8, 10) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of every alternate row until 123 (130, 133) sts. remain. Continue without shaping until back measures 21 (21½, 22) ins.

Shape Shoulders. Cast off 13 (14, 14) sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

*** **Hand knitting.** With No. 12 needles.

Machine knitting. Using main tension. Cast on 77 (81, 86) sts. Work from ** to ** of Back ending with a k. row.***

Shape Armhole. Cast off 8 (8, 10) sts., p. to end of row. At this point the open-work panels are started, at the same time dec. at armhole edge on every alternate row until 62 (65, 67) sts. remain.

1st row: K.20, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

Machine knitting. The first row will be—skip 20, place 21st st. on to 22nd then work this row. This method is applied throughout the open-work panels.

2nd and every alternate row: P.

3rd row.—K.21, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

5th row.—K.22, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

7th row.—K.20, m.1, k.2 tog., k.13, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

9th row.—K.21, m.1, k.2 tog., k.13, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

11th row.—K.22, m.1, k.2 tog., k.13, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

13th row.—K.20 (m.1, k.2 tog., k.13) twice, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

15th row.—K.21 (m.1, k.2 tog., k.13) twice, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

17th row.—K.22 (m.1, k.2 tog., k.13) twice, m.1, k.2 tog., k. to end of row.

18th row.—P. Repeat from 13th to 18th rows inclusive until work measures 18 (18½, 19) ins.

Keeping to pattern. Shape Neck. Cast off 10 sts. then dec. at neck edge every row until 39 (42, 42) sts. remain. Continue until work measures 21 (21½, 22) ins.

Shape Shoulder. Cast off 13 (14, 14) sts. at beginning of next and following 2 alternate rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as from *** to *** of Right Front but ending with a p. row.

Shape Armhole. Cast off 8 (8, 10) sts., k. to end of row. Now following instructions as for Right Front reversing all shapings and reading p. for k. throughout where instructions for panels are given, *i.e.*, the 1st row reads: P.20, m.1, p.2 tog., p. to end of row.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Spring is here—the tailored suit by Crayson is a perfect foil to the charming white blouse, which is worn tucked in

S-4602

TO MEET

Four pages of Vogue Patterns that take you into Spring and hold forth promise of a wonderful Summer . . . Warm-weather clothes chosen for their high fashion rating and worn for their ease and elegance

This year determine to make your fashion plans for Spring and Summer with care and common sense. Don't always shop for bright cottons or beach dresses if you know that you 'll be spending the greater part of the Summer months far away from sea and sand. Think, instead, in terms of slim, covered-up suits and dresses to make in pale woollen fabrics or in town-minded cottons. To prove our fashion point we chose a sheath dress partnered by a straight jacket. Though the chemise-topped dress makes concessions to the sun, we think you 'll agree that its city manners are impeccable. For strict decorum you 'll add the high-buttoning jacket with ballooning sleeves caught in deep fly-away cuffs. We made the dress and jacket from a heavy cotton striped in butcher-blue. Vogue Pattern S–4602 ; 5s. ; bust sizes 30–40

S-4602

VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

THE SUN

State your new approach to summer in terms of a close-fitting suit. The silhouette is strictly defined: the jacket (an inversion of Dior's Y-line) fits closely through the waist then pyramids above the slim skirt. Again we're preoccupied with stripes—this time we've used Chinese-white flannel city-striped in black. For midsummer think of pale lilac piqué. Result: the coolest-looking suit this side of August. Vogue Couturier Pattern 852; 8s. 6d. bust sizes 30–36

852

For back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information see over page

continuing . . .

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

Summer's silhouette can be varied with Vogue Patterns — slim dresses and full-skirted coats

8754

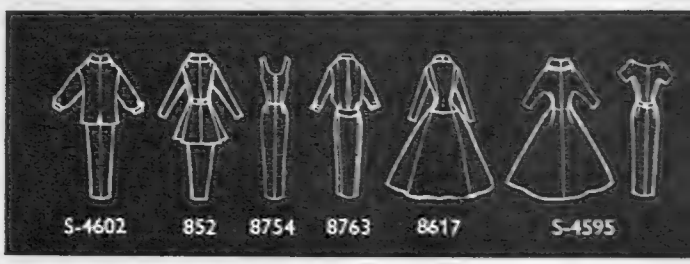
This month we 've included one of Vogue's Very-Easy-to-Make patterns—firstly, because it serves as an easy introduction for the beginner in dress-making ; secondly, because it 's an effective demonstration of the strictly straight and narrow sheath-dress. This may well be the slimmest dress in your wardrobe—(*above*) a shaft of blonde linen to wear under a dark cotton blazer, or grey jersey belted in leather. Vogue Pattern 8754 ; 3s. ; bust sizes 28–38

The shirtwaist dress—with a difference . . . (*left*) the collar acquires a new importance and a deep pleat gives back fullness to the bodice. A lapped seam runs the slim length of the dress. The older woman will love the soft tailoring of the bodice and the easy cut of the skirt. We emphasized the straight lines of the dress with another striped fabric—creamy silk shirting. Vogue Pattern 8763 ; 3s. 6d. ; bust sizes 30–40

8763

Left : Perhaps the most versatile member of your Summer wardrobe, a button-through dress flaring boldly away from the close-clinging bodice. Imagine the dress in heavy cotton with a kaleidoscopic print in all the shades of lilac. But take a second look at the pattern—it could be an unlined coat made from almost any fabric under this Summer's sun. Vogue Pattern 8617; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

Right : A full-skirted redingote to wear over all your Summer dresses (especially over the sheath dress included in the pattern). The long revers extend to the waist where the coat ties in a trim bow—perhaps you 'll emphasize the long line with a white top-collar. Ideally, you 'll key the coat to the dress beneath—imagine avocado green over lime—or perhaps you 'll play fashion-safe with dark linen. Vogue Pattern S–4595; 5s.; bust sizes 28–38



HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue Patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.), to Vogue Pattern Service, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering, please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps—*i.e.*, 32-in., 34-in., 36-in., etc.

* * Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34-in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36-in., 42-in., 45-in., 48-in., and 54-in.

No.	Price	Page		Yards	Width
S-4602	5s.	50	One-piece dress and and jacket	4⅝	39 ins.
852	8s. 6d.	51	Suit	3½	54 ins.
8754	3s.	52	Sheath dress	2¾	39 ins.
8763	3s. 6d.	52	Shirtwaist dress	3½	39 ins.
8617	3s 6d.	53	Button-through dress	4⅛	39 ins.
S-4595	5s.	53	Dress	2⅝	39 ins.
			Redingote	4⅛	39 ins.

MOTORING . . . by
GWEN ROBYNS

Code for Courtesy

Every driver is courteous in her own estimation. But what is a courteous driver? These answers may surprise you.

THERE is a world of difference between accepting the guidance and advice of the Highway Code and being a courteous driver—the kind of person you yourself hope to meet on the road. It seems to me that too few people bridge the gap. Apropos, I wonder how many people are familiar with the Chief Instructor's definition of a good and courteous driver as . . ." a person who is aware of his capabilities and will at all times drive the car so as not to create an incident that may involve him or her in an accident."

Even if you have passed the Government test, this does not make you an expert driver. In the opinion of the British School of Motoring (who helped plan this quiz), when you have passed the test you must not rely on the roadmanship of others to keep you out of trouble. You cannot buy, pay for, or read experience. You can only get it on the road. It is true that after passing the test the wise driver is still very cautious, but the driver who has passed the first 10,000 miles is apt to slacken off. It takes a certain amount of experience to be a good driver—do not imagine that you are " there " too early.

THIS does not apply to women motorists in particular, as so many husbands would like us to believe. Too much nonsense has been talked in the past about our driving. For years men have been saying that women are worse drivers than they actually are.

Well, here is a straight answer to that one. True, it comes from a woman, Miss Denise McCann, who is the head of the B.S.M. But she promised me she was quite impartial when she said: " In teaching over 1,000,000 people since the war we find that by and large women are more conscientious, especially in absorbing the Highway Code."

One of the instructors (a man this time) was almost lyrical in praise of the female driver. " In most cases it is a pleasure to teach her. Temperamentally, she is no different in her approach to learning than a man pupil, but in practice there is a difference. On the whole, a woman listens more intently and has a grand faith in her instructor."

When I asked the B.S.M. if women were quicker to learn than men they played very cautious. Apparently it simply can't be answered like that as it is a question of each individual, whether Mr., or Mrs. Brown. But they do place the time required for learning (providing you go to a reputable school) as from 12 to 15 hours' tuition before taking the

Test Yourself:

ARE YOU A SAFE DRIVER?

A. Before you start off for an everyday trip—do you . . .
1. Check petrol, oil, and water (p.o.w.)?
2. Check the tyres, and see that the windscreen is clean?
3. Assure yourself that the doors are securely closed?
4. See that the driving seat is properly adjusted for freedom of movement?
5. See that the mirror (your third eye!) is correctly adjusted?

B. Before moving off—do you . . .
1. Satisfy yourself that it is really safe for you to do so?
2. Check the " blind spot " of vision in the driving mirror to see that nothing is immediately overtaking you?
3. Remember to see that the handbrake is off?
4. Give a definite left or right signal, if moving off at an angle?
5. See that handbag, shopping basket—or dog—are on the side or back seats, not cluttering up your lap?

C. When pulling up—do you . . .
1. State clearly to other road users that this is your intention?
2. Slow down gently, or jerk to a halt, almost unseating your passengers?
3. Apply your handbrake when you leave your car?
4. See that a stray cyclist is not about to overtake you as you open the door to climb out?
5. Leave room for other people's cars parked near you to drive away?

D. On the road—do you . . .
1. Drive on your own side and not hog the crown of the road?
2. Give warning of your intention to turn, slow down, stop, in sufficient time for other drivers to act on your signal?
3. Absolutely *never* overtake on the near side, whatever the provocation? (Except in the case of one-way streets, trams, etc., as stated in the Highway Code.)
4. Respect the continuous white (no-passing) line in the centre of the road?
5. Avoid unconsciously, or even deliberately, accelerating when being overtaken?

E. Finally, your nuisance value—do you . . .
1. Use your horn as a threat, not just when it is strictly necessary?
2. Gamble on the amber light?
3. Speed past a school without remembering that children may rush out at any moment?
4. Disregard minor road signs—humpback bridge, cattle crossing, zigzag bend?
5. Swivel round to chat to back-seat passengers, read maps or light a cigarette while driving fast?

Questions in sections A, B, C, and D should be answered with a " yes " ; those in section E with a " no." Score one mark for every correct answer. A score of 25 gives you the right to wear a halo ; 20 suggests that you are a good, careful driver ; 15 means that you should start to worry about your roadmanship —below 15, hand over the driving wheel at once to someone else.

Government test. Of course, if you like to take a risk and let your husband teach you, you may find yourself on the short cut to the divorce courts !

Men, it appears, are more inclined to listen to outsiders, because of their superior interest in or knowledge of mechanics, and consequently to argue with the instructor. This can indicate a healthy initiative, but in most cases it is merely a repetition of what the chaps at work say ! Women approach the whole thing with a gloriously open mind and follow the rules precisely, rarely listening to outside advice. For this reason, a good instructor often finds it a more rewarding job to teach a woman than a man pupil.

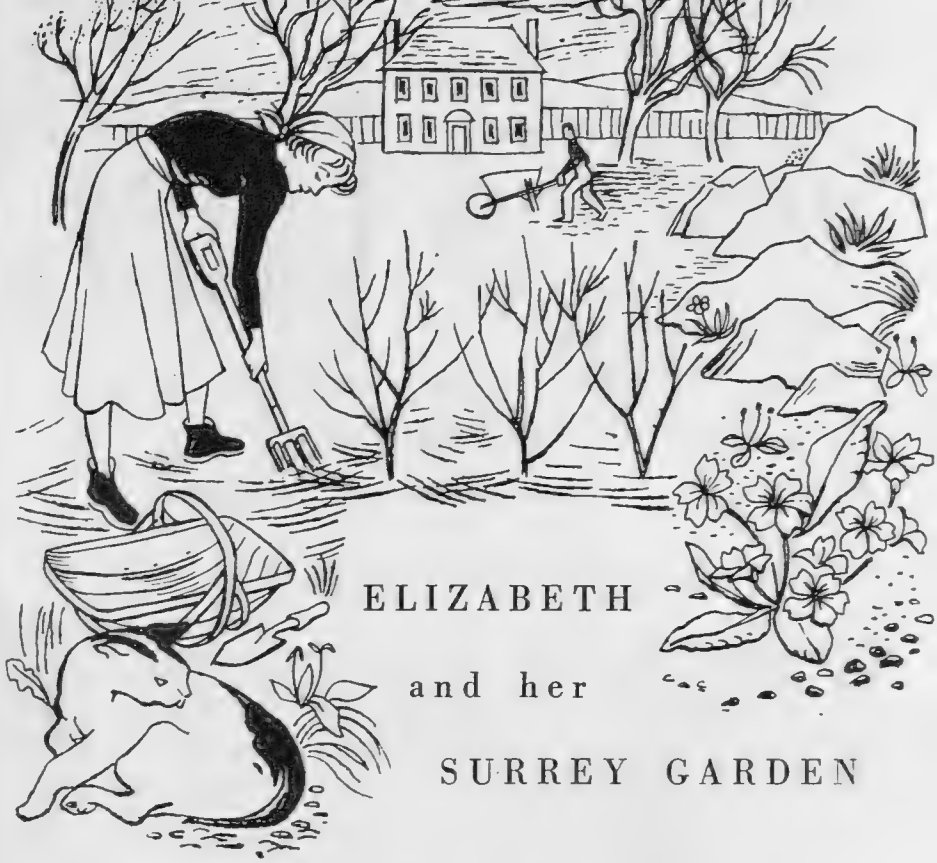
A tremendous increase in female driving began during the war, when their jobs, or sheer necessity, made it essential for many women to drive. Why, in 1939 only one in ten applicants for driving licences was a woman—compare this with last year's 50 per cent. !

THE oddities among drivers fall roughly into two classes. First, there is the know-all. You 'll recognize him all right, just as the instructor does. He argues about whether it is correct to start in first or second gear (the B.S.M. insist on first), the correct procedure in taking a right-hand or left-hand turn ; the right way to reverse into a side turning, etc.

Equally tiresome is the ultra-cautious driver, who shows no initiative and depends all the time on the instructor for confidence. He has to be wooed and won, and therefore will take probably twice as long to learn. Again, a man is just as likely to suffer from this fault as a woman.

The U.C. driver finds it difficult to go fast enough ever to get into top gear ; if you are taking your test remember this fault and watch out for it, as it can fail you as surely as if you overtake on a curve going uphill. Government instructors may have their moods, but they are notoriously fair in giving a driver ample warning before a new order, so that you need not fear that you will be going too fast to follow any of their directions.

Finally, here is a tip for the new woman driver. On the day of your test—wear medium-heeled, comfortable shoes !



ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

So To Work

by ELIZABETH HAY

I REMEMBER driving down to Dover with Roy at the end of March for a short early Spring holiday in France. The house and family were in capable hands, so I was preoccupied with thoughts of the many jobs in the garden that had been postponed for ten days.

We passed three hares gambolling in a bare ploughed field—lovely mad March hares—and the thought came to me that a French housewife would surely class me with these frolicsome animals, for far from fussing about the welfare of my family in my absence, I was fretting more about the garden.

It is rather odd, when you come to think of it, that so many of us in this country find pleasure in toiling with the soil in Winter, not for the sake only of the good fresh food it brings, but for the sheer love of coaxing some little plant into blossoming glory.

I find it difficult to explain a love of gardening to friends on the Continent, who usually let it go as another of those " peculiar " English tastes.

A famous English landscape gardener, who works almost exclusively on the Continent and has designed and laid out many famous gardens there, once told me that he knew only two real " dirt " gardeners in France, and he named two, of which one was an Englishman.

But let us talk about work :

One of the many perennial herbaceous plants which have made tremendous strides in the last few years is the Michaelmas daisy. Almost every garden has room for one or two clumps, and Autumn would be dull without them. In a wide herbaceous border, a few clumps are very important, but if your garden is big enough, a Michaelmas daisy border in one part of it makes a wonderful Autumn feature. Some of the loveliest new varieties are—*Winston Churchill*, with masses of red flowers ; *Peace*, with large lavender-blue blooms ; *Crimson Brocade*, another magnificent red, or *Chequers*, a rich purple colour with the bushy habit of *Winston Churchill*. In two years' time you will be able to divide these plants again, adding one or two more to make an outstanding Autumn border. This is the best time to put them in.

If you are planning a rose bed for your front (*Continued on page 74*)

just say CHEESE

Time for cookery

With suitable additions and flavourings, cheese makes the most appetising and attractive dishes for any course or occasion

by JANET DARBY

A FEW years ago we had a vegetarian guest who stayed with us throughout Lent. The combination of Lental discipline and vegetarianism left me without the mainstay of fish or meat, and providing substantial and appetising meals called for considerable ingenuity. The enduring benefit which I derived from that experience was an appreciation of the versatility of cheese. There seems no end to its uses—as soup, as entrée, as savoury, and even as sweet! And, of course, just cheese in variety, with celery or a salad, rye bread or toast, and a glass of red wine, is a gastronomical experience in itself.

If you are one of those people who likes to know that a given food is good for you, I can assure you that cheese is one of the best of all possible foods. It contains nearly twice the amount of protein that meat does, its calcium content is high, and combined with bread, a tomato or a green vegetable, your vitamin requirements are amply covered. Cooked cheese is *not* indigestible, unless it is over-cooked, when it becomes not merely indigestible, but uneatable. But if you make it a rule to use a *moderate* oven, and at most a simmering heat on top of the stove, you will never have trouble of this kind. Here now are recipes for two soups, five savouries or supper dishes, any of which can help to boost a main meal, and one sweet. I hope you enjoy all of them.

Cheese pastry: Sieve 3 oz. of plain flour, a pinch of salt and cayenne into a bowl. Rub in 1 oz. butter, add 2 oz. finely-grated cheese and bind with beaten egg-yolk and 2 teaspoonsful of water. Knead lightly, roll out ¼-in. thick and cut into rounds. Bake in hot oven (450°, Regulo 8) 10 to 15 minutes. Cool and garnish with chicken spread. Cheese Twists are made from the same mixture

Savoury bouchées: Bring ½-pt. milk to the boil and toss in 2 oz. of fine semolina all at once. Cook for several minutes, stirring vigorously all the time. Remove from the heat and stir in 2 oz. of grated cheese. Season with 1 teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne and nutmeg. Turn the mixture on to a large buttered and floured plate and spread evenly. Allow to become quite cold. Cut into neat pieces about 1 in. square and place in a buttered fireproof dish. Sprinkle liberally with grated cheese and brown under a hot grill or in the top of a hot oven (450°, Regulo 8) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce handed separately

WHITE FOAM SOUP

1½ oz. margarine;
1 oz. cornflour;
1 qt. milk;
1 clove garlic (optional);
1 chopped onion;
1 stick celery, or 1 tsp. celery salt.
Pinch ground mace;
Pepper and salt;
2 eggs;
4 oz. grated Cheddar;
1 tbsp. chopped parsley.

Melt the margarine, add the cornflour and cook for one minute, stirring. Add the milk, still stirring, and bring to the boil. Add the onion, celery, mace, crushed garlic and seasoning, and simmer for 20 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly, and add the grated cheese and beaten yolks. Reheat gently, stirring till the cheese has melted. Beat the egg whites till stiff, fold half into the soup. Put the remaining half into the soup bowl and pour the soup over. Sprinkle with the chopped parsley and serve at once.

CHEESE SOUP

1 tbsp. butter or margarine;
1 Spanish onion;
1½ tsp. cornflour;
½ cup vegetable stock;
1½ cups milk;
½ cup grated Cheddar;
Pinch dry mustard, salt, pepper, paprika.

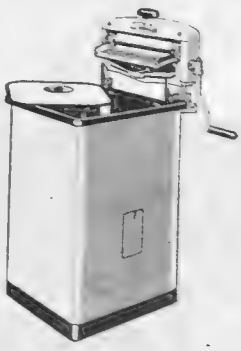
Chop the onion and cook it gently in the melted fat, stirring. Sprinkle with the cornflour and stir till smooth. Add the stock, and mix till all is blended. Transfer to a double cooker, and add the milk. Heat till it has thickened, then add the grated cheese and a pinch of dry mustard. Heat gently till the cheese melts. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Serve with croutons.

(*Continued on page 75*)

. . What a suggestion! My mummy *always* uses gas to boil her whites — my whites, too, for she knows that boiling-by-gas kills any germs in nappies or handkerchiefs.

It's quick, too. Gas brings a whole tubful of water to the gallop swiftly: you can then turn it down to a fast boil.

Mr. Therm offers you a wide range of washing appliances: modern streamlined gas boilers, hand-operated washing machines or fully mechanised machines with gas water heating and electric power operation. See them in your gas showroom, and remember — the hotter the water, the whiter the wash!



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Margaret Sharp

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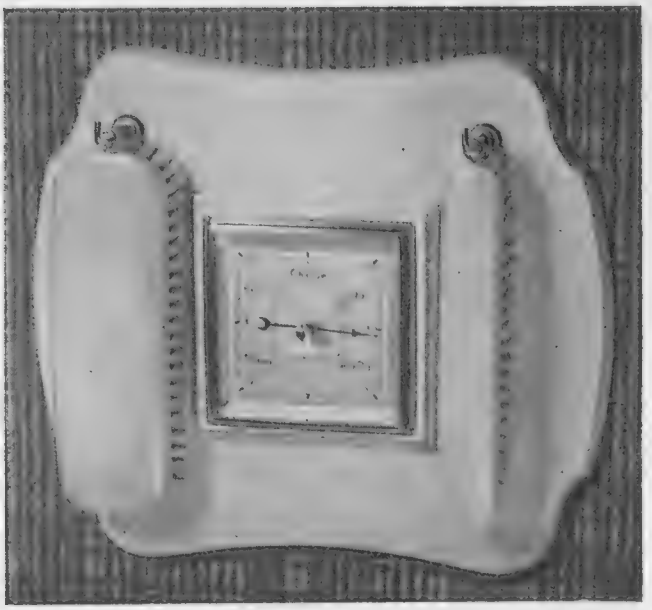
Make a clean sweep with these brushes. Broomhead (23s. 11d.) and matching hand brush (14s. 9d.) are filled with nylon tufts, with frayed ends. Useful for awkward corners is the Handy brush, 7s. 11d. Same material as others, but stiffer and not frayed. Maples, Tottenham Court Road, London

Liven up the bathroom with this candlewick trio: a bath mat (59s. 6d.) with telephone directories, elastic-edged seat cover (19s. 6d.) with cradle dial, and a pedestal mat (45s.) with the receiver. In black on white or vice versa, both with grey wire and coloured directories. From Harrods, London, S.W.1



This barometer is set in the centre of a plaque, with a bristle clothes brush on either side. In dark oak, price 71s. 9d. and maple, price 74s. 1d. Waring & Gillow, Oxford Street, London

Banish dirty clothes into this decorative linen hamper made from Indian palm leaf. It is conical with a deep, close-fitting lid and a stalk-like handle. 57s. 6d.; Heals, Tottenham Court Road, London

This bureau-bookcase will complement any furnishing scheme. Below the writing flap is a drawer. Light or dark oak finish, £7 11s. 8d. Carriage and packing 5s. 6d. extra outside the S.W.7 London area. D-Way Furnishing Company, 17 Bute Street London

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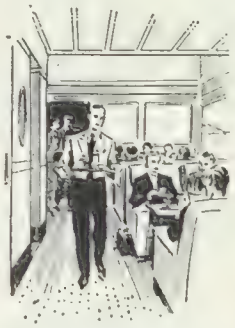

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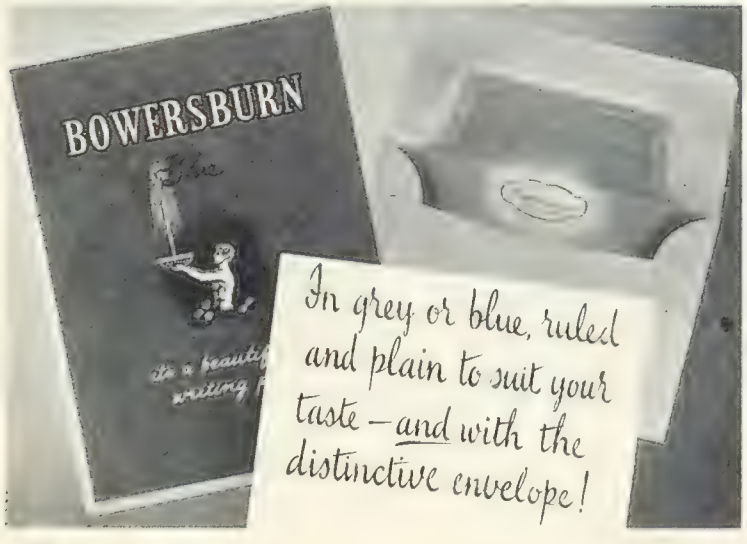

Home Decorating Without Tears

(*Continued from page 47*)

Mix the ceiling distemper according to the instructions on the packet. A tip when distempering ceilings is to avoid charging the brush too fully, or you may get more down your sleeve than on the ceiling.

Once you have started the ceiling, finish the job if possible, otherwise there may be some unevenness of colour.

Two last tips for when the job is finished. First, wash the brush well in warm water, rinse in cold and shake before hanging up in a fairly dry place. Secondly, after distempering avoid using the room for a couple of days. Give it time to dry off.

Now to itemize the hints . . . Keep this A.B.C. of decorating and refresh your memory with it when you start your own paint and paper campaign.

A for accents, those inspired touches of colour that bring a decorative scheme to life. Against a plain colour background, mouldings, door panels or decorative detail picked out in another colour give originality and interest, but their success depends upon restraint. Use the second colour in these cases very sparingly.

B for brushes. These last longer if you are kind to them. First remove all the paint in the bristles with paraffin, then wash them in warm, soapy water—after each day's use. Hang them in a jar of water, suspending the brushes from the top so that the bristles do not rest on the bottom of the jar.

C for coverage. How far the tin of paint will go depends on the nature of the surface to be painted. A rough-finished stucco or a porous plaster soaks up lots of paint. An inside door in good condition needs only a fraction of the same amount.

D for dextrin, which you can buy in packets. No need to add this to ordinary flour paste when you are putting up a light or medium-weight paper, but it gives the extra adhesion needed when heavy papers are being hung.

E for enamel. To re-enamel a bath which is in fair condition, wash with sugar-soap solution and rub with fairly coarse waterproof abrasive paper. Give two or three undercoats, rubbing down in between, and then the top coat of high gloss enamel.

F for fatigue. Too much of this impairs your efficiency and tempts you to scamp the work. This is the wrong road to success and pleasure in your work. Give up when you feel tired and leave the rest until next day. It really pays.

G for grasscloths—woven grass pasted on to a paper backing to make a super wallpaper. It is sold in the same way as other papers.

H for handles and hinges—and from thence to door plates and such like accessories. Unscrew and take them off before you paint.

I for ironwork. This is very popular at present for screens—plant-holders and so on. Before painting or re-painting it, remove any rust or scaly flakes with a wire brush and some paraffin. Rub down.

J for Japan black. This is used frequently, thinned with turps, as an economical way of staining floors and, for permanence, coated with linseed oil varnish for a floor in which you can see your face . . .

K for knotting. Spirit varnish seals the surfaces of knots in wood. Use it before you put on a priming coat, especially outdoors, but ask for the proper *shellac knotting*, as cheaper types dry slowly.

L for light. The more light reflected by walls and woodwork the brighter the room. White reflects the most and black the least.

M for matching. Few people have a good memory for colour, so if matching paint to paper, take a scrap of paper to the shop. If buying paper the same way, a smear of paint on a small piece of wood is a useful guide.

N for nylons. There are few uses for discarded nylons, but they make handy paint strainers. Stretch the nylon over a clean jar and secure it in place by a rubber band. Then strain the paint through it.

O for opinions. Other people are fond of offering them when you have made up your mind on a colour scheme. Be firm and resist them. Make your plans and stick to them. You have to live with it.

P for pelmets. Hardboard cut to fit the windows can be obtained from timber dealers. Paper or paint it to match the room.

Q for quickness. Most decorating jobs are best taken slowly, but large-scale wall plastering is not one of them.

R for repeat. The size of a pattern on wallpaper decides the number of times it is repeated. Some scenic designs are on too large a scale for average rooms, for which small patterns are better.

S for staircases. Plump for plain or the smaller scale patterns for staircase walls. Big patterns mean waste because the upward slope of the stairs means that the paper must be cut at an angle.

T for trimming wallpaper. This is a very tedious job done by hand but you can buy a very useful little trimming device quite cheaply.

U for using-up surplus paint. Keep a little of the surplus aside in case touching-up is needed.

V for varnish. There are different types, so tell the shop the purpose for which it is required. A house door which faces the sun, for instance, should not have a hard varnish on it. It needs one with plenty of oil and less "thinners."

W for wallpaper left-overs. There are many uses for the scraps, after you have put aside a length for emergency retouching.

X marks the spot where the accident occurred. Every painter makes a slip sometimes, but the heartache is less if you always keep the turps handy, together with a clean rag.

Y for the year of patient waiting before treating newly plastered walls. It takes at least six months for the salts to dry out of plaster, and if it is papered too soon stains will come through.

Z for zinc sulphate. To give paint a "hold" on stucco cement surfaces, which many modern house-exteriors have. Wash the surface with water and 10-15 per cent solution of zinc sulphate. Finish with special cement paint or washable water paint or distemper.

END

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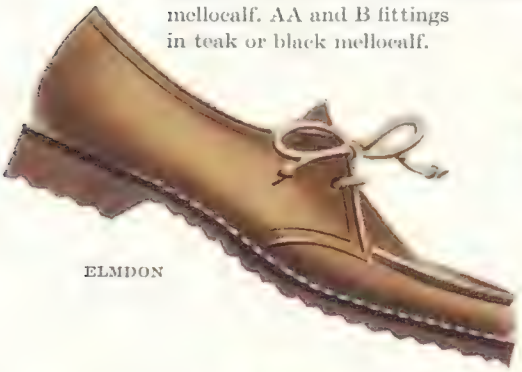

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Nearest shop? write CLARKS, Dept. A.2, Street, Somerset
—and ask for a style leaflet

The Humility Of Einstein

(*Continued from page 15*)

But Albert Einstein was tolerant of his friends' eccentricities. The medical doctor of another scientist, notoriously difficult to handle, begged Einstein for direction. "He is strange. I don't understand him."

Einstein explained, "Well, in his own field he is without a peer; outside of his field . . . what does it matter?"

The tradespeople of Princeton joined with the University set, pleasing Einstein by ignoring him. As a woman said, "He just strolled along the street and nobody in Princeton paid the slightest attention."

He had infinite patience with children. Last summer he paused on his homeward walk to discuss with a couple of inquisitive little girls the reason why he was wearing no socks under his long, leather-pronged, Grecian type sandals. Dr. Einstein carefully accounted, "It is very hot and when I wear my socks my feet get hot."

Afternoons, Dr. Einstein worked in the home he shared with Margot, and Helen Dukas, his secretary of many years standing. While she was alive his sister lived with him and during her fatal illness, Dr. Einstein read aloud to her every night.

His was a limitless compassion for the sick. When my friend lay ill in the Princeton Hospital, Dr. Einstein sent flowers. He signed the card as he signed his books and photographs . . . "A. Einstein."

He followed the flowers . . . with himself. It was a sultry August day, the temperature in the nineties. Dr. Einstein walked to the hospital, and greeted my friend by wagging his forefinger and admonishing, "You must be a good boy now."

Well aware of the heat, my friend protested, saying, "Professor, this is an imposition."

Dr. Eintsein, wiping the beads of perspiration off his tired face, said softly, "Where there is love there can be no imposition."

AFTER the patient recovered, he repeated this incident to a reporter who printed it. The next words my friend heard from Dr. Einstein was a good natured, "What you did to me!" Reading the story, people had mailed many requests to Mercer Street asking Einstein to sign copies of the quote. "Some even wanted to embroider samplers of it."

His mail—he worked on letters in the afternoon—was a constant problem. The young postman on the block knew, for the mail came by the sackful. The postman would open the door and dump the sacks in the small front hall. During the two weeks that Miss Dukas took a vacation Dr. Einstein disregarded the sacks, upon her return he was blandly climbing over a hill of them in order to get upstairs.

Every sort of written question was sent him, from what a woman should name her newborn baby to when he expected the end of the world. Dr. Einstein was not the least bothered about the permanence of the world itself. "But man's continued existence might be in doubt."

To save precious hours he answered scientific questions on the reverse side of the sender's notepaper. Occasionally he answered a letter for no other reason than that it pleased him, like the one written by a high school girl who stated, "I always thought you were from centuries ago . . . like Newton. I was so surprised to learn you are alive."

"Time will take care of that," wrote Dr. Einstein across the bottom of the page.

Before meeting him people got struck with a kind of stage fright, rapidly dissipated as they came in contact with his gentle, unaffected manner.

Governor Meyner of New Jersey told me that, seated next to Dr. Einstein at a dinner, it was obvious his eminent companion wanted to whisper something. "I only hoped my brain would grasp it," said Meyner. "I bent an ear and, to my pleased amusement, Professor Einstein, wise to insatiable public demands, simply said, "People must bother you all the time."

Last June—at the prospect of being introduced, Adlai Stevenson confessed, "I wouldn't know what to say to him." Dr. Einstein put Mr. Stevenson at his ease by steering the conversation to politics.

Nobel prize-winning author, William Faulkner, brought to visit Einstein, became practically tongue-tied. Dr. Einstein (who won *his* Nobel prize in 1922 for equations that resulted in Photo-electric Law, the basis of television) attempted to make Mr. Faulkner feel at home as he comfortably reminisced, "You know, when I went to get the Nobel prize I arrived a day late." After giving another guest an autographed book, he modestly whispered, "Do you think Mr. Faulkner would want one too?"

It is indicative that the *un*celebrated were the ones who were least afraid to talk to him. Any unknown, so long as he or she were of the genus *human* might be his friend.

As his bursitis increased, Dr. Einstein relaxed at the piano, playing the violin less. Still, not too long ago, he met, on the streets of Princeton, a violinist come from abroad to visit his sister, a concert pianist. To their initial greeting Dr. Einstein added a wistful, "I play a little too." He asked, "Do you know the *Vivaldi Double Concerto?*" With that they struck up a warm "musical" friendship. The same evening, Dr. Einstein going over to join brother and sister, played for hours.

Thus he insisted to Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, to whose palace he used to trudge "to play quarters." Because she respected his hate of pomp the Queen would dismiss her footman and have buffet refreshments ready.

To Margot he spoke of death. "If you look at the trees and the natural life around us, you will know there comes a time when everything goes back to the earth."

He also said, "My body is tired. It is used up. And that's enough."

END

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss these special features . . .

● ***The Easter Story***

For our special April issue we plan to retell the Easter story in a new way. A well-known writer and an equally well-known artist are combining their talents to present this part of the world's greatest drama. . . . In addition, for the thousands of women who will be helping with church decorations, there will be two pages of suggestions by Mrs. Dods Bebb, the leading flower-design expert, on how best to beautify pews, fonts, altars, windows

★ ★ ★

● ***Romantic Illusion***

Gerald Sparrow, who wrote that new and exciting book *Land Of The Moonflower*, pricks the illusion that Eastern marriages are more romantic than Western ones. But, he says in a provocative article, they are *more practical*. He should know. He was judge at the International Court, Bangkok, and spent twenty-five years in the East

★ ★ ★

● ***Fashion Foundation***

For the Junoesque, more often neglected than their slenderer sisters, we show foundation garments to give the right outline beneath close-fitting or décolletée clothes. They are followed by Spring fashions for the fuller figure

★ ★ ★

● ***Frozen Assets***

Not so long ago, ice, bought in chunks from the fishmonger, was the only means of refrigeration. Now there are fridges of many different sizes and prices. Our feature shows how the right choice can be used to give maximum economical aid to the housewife who plans her meals in advance

★ ★ ★

● ***And More!***

Including dressmaking and knitting patterns, keyed to summer trends, cooking, motoring and general features, and short stories. *On sale March 28*

Someone At The Door

(*Continued from page 9*)

backwards to the gate chanting, "*Bonjour, madame. Merci, madame. . . . ma chère madame,*" and thereafter took to calling twice a week.

Then there's the scissors-grinder. The first (and only) time he ground the kitchen scissors he said, ingratiatingly, "This'll only cost you a shilling, mum." He was back before I'd peeled another potato and his manner had taken a turn for the worse. "That's going to cost you half a crown, mum. Never saw a pair of scissors like 'em."

They were so tight that it was weeks before I could use them properly again.

We have frequent visits from a gold-buyer. Once, years ago, he gave me six shillings for a discarded link chain from my gold watch and when I went to get a new one I found that it was going to cost me five guineas. This same gentleman asked me a few days ago if I had any gold or silver plate!

In the far-off five-and-sixpenny-onion days, I never said no to a salesman: I was a hawker's dream-girl and a nightmare to my husband.

Things are different now.

I can honestly say that I'm stone-headed, stone-hearted and for the most part, stony broke . . . and I don't hesitate to say so.

"My husband doesn't allow me to buy anything at the door!" is another gambit.

"I'm leaving the country in a couple of days!" is a line that leaves them speechless.

These are verbal ploys that come in very useful when the children are at home and shout, "There's someone at the door!"

But if I'm alone, I usually freeze in my tracks and do some deep-breathing exercises till they go. Quite the most effective of all, apart from the "No, thank you! Bang!" technique, is to take a bath: you can be quite sure that someone or other will call just as you step in.

All in all, I'm rather pleased with my efforts at door-keeping: I'm my husband's dream-girl now, and I'll be the death of a salesman yet.

END

Stratagem In The South (Continued from page 12)

"'My orders, unfortunately, give me no choice. An establishment like this would be too useful to your troops if the campaign should work in further west.'

"'Then you can spare it safely. Your army will never get nearer here than it is now. You will soon all be hunted back where you belong—those of you who survive—and extremely sorry you didn't stay there.'

"Lafe's eyes snapped but he kept his temper which, if it did get loose, was a catamount. 'That will be as it turns out, ma'am. My orders are to take all precautions."

"So you persist in this crime?"

"It is not my choice."

She flashed out at him, "Don't suppose you can get away with it. If you dare to burn our house, not one of you will get back to tell of your bravery to your friends.'

"Something about the way she said it made him look at her pretty hard as he came back, 'As to that, we shall just have to do the best we can, ma'am.'

"'Then at least tell me when you intend to start the fire. The time we have, of course, will determine what things we can save.'

"HER tone and manner, especially the way she watched his face as she waited for him to say what time he'd be on the road again, made him suddenly smell a rat and play safe. 'The time we shall march cannot be divulged. I am prepared to promise you a half-hour's notice, and I'm afraid you must do the best you can with that.'

"'I understand. I should be frightened too if I were in your position. Because, I can assure you, whatever time you choose to bolt can make no difference to what happens to you.'

"His head came up, mighty sharp. 'And what will that be?'

"She looked at him in a mocking way and gave him his own words back again, 'That will be as you find it turns out, sir. But I may say I look forward to it with much pleasure. And now I am ready to excuse you. Such time in our home as remains to us, we should like to enjoy in privacy.'

"She turned and left him looking after her at the empty doorway, rasping the bristles on his chin, puzzled and more than a little worried. Then he hurried out to the orchard, where the lieutenant of the day was holding stable duty.

"'Mr. Terry. I've been talking with a lady in the house who hates us like the very devil. She knows something dangerous to us, and like a woman, she just couldn't keep quiet about it. Send to the standing pickets and alert them to be on their toes. And turn our Sergeant Drexel with the three freshest men and mounts we have. They're to ride continuous patrol over any ground the pickets can't overlook. And make sure they keep their eyes open and no person can get off the place. The cooks will have a meal prepared by noon, and we'll parade to leave right after.'

"WELL, on toward mid-morning, Lafe was lying in the orchard under that gnarled tree there trying to catch a bit of sleep, when up came a sergeant with a trooper dragging along Zenobia, Moses' young daughter fightin' them like a crazy thing. The sergeant reported, 'Sir. Flack here happened to be outside the kitchen window and heard this girl and that fat wench talking about us, and they were laughing fit to split. They said we figure we're all-fired clever and we've got it all our way now. But, after we leave, she said, we ain't none of us goin' to see another day.'

"'Oh?' said Lafe, and asked Zenobia, 'And why aren't we?'

"Zenobia's eyes rolled like she was scared to death. 'I don't know suh. I didn't mean nothin' suh. Hones' to God, I was jest blabbin' with my mouth.'

"'Don't lie to me. What did you mean?'

"'It wasn't nothin' suh. It—was jest somethin' my father said when he was tellin' us 'bout how we got to get all the best things out of the house, 'cause when you go you're goin' to burn it down.'

"'And just what was it he said?'

"'P-please suh. He said you done sneaked 'way down in here and no person ain't seen you come. You got the place all sewed up like a tobacca bale and no person can't get in or out, and so you think yo're good an' safe. When you light out, yo're goin' to leave the house afire—and that's gonna be the ve'y last thing the whole b'ilin' of you ever do.'

"It confirmed the suspicion Linda had already given Lafe. He said, 'Oh? And why pray? What is it that's going to happen to us? Come on, girl. Out with it.'

"'I dunno, suh. Hope I'll die right here this minnit if I do. It's only jest what I heard my father say.'

"THE sergeant volunteered, 'He's that big black nigger with the game leg in the house, major. He was in their army, so I hear, and got that leg at Bull Run.'

"'Go fetch him.'

"Soon Cutts and Flack came back herding Moses and Lafe said, 'You told this girl when we leave here we're none of us going to see another day. Why aren't we?'

"Usually all dignity, Moses shook all over. 'I dunno, suh. I'se only a nigger, suh. What I says never does mean nothin', suh. It's only jest talk.'

"'You're lying. You understand soldiering. You've been in the rebel army and you know something. What made you say that? Answer, or it'll be the worse for you.'

"'It wasn't nothin', suh. I don't know nothin', suh, honest to God I don't. It's jest what Mis' Linda told me when I said how you was sure goin' to set the house afire before you leave.'

"'Aha! I knew that girl had something up her sleeve. Exactly what did she say?'

"'I can't tell you, suh. I dassent tell."

"'Come on man. Out with it. All of it, before we make you.'

"Moses' eyes rolled and his teeth rattled. 'No suh. I dassent, suh. Please suh boss don't make me tell. You know how they treat us niggers down here, suh. Ain't that what the war's bein' fit for, to make 'em stop it. You don't know Mis' Linda, suh. Did I tell you what she said, soon as yo're gone, she'd have me tied up and take the back clear off me with a whip.'

"THOUGH Cutts was fighting on the Union side, he hadn't much sympathy with negroes. 'Beggin' the major's pardon, sir, you don't understand about handlin' niggers. I'll make him talk in quick time.'

"'Very well then.'

"Cutts told the trooper, 'Get me that spare picketing line.'

"When the rope came, he tossed one end over a bough, made a noose in the other, put it round Moses' neck and drew it tight, and hauled in the slack. Then he took a pull on Moses' neck. 'If you haven't talked by the time I've counted ten, up you go, and you'll stay up. One—two—three——'

"Moses held on till the count of eight and then cracked, 'Oh God! Stop please, sergeant suh. Please take this rope off me and I'll tell everything.'

"'We'll take it off when you've told every last thing you know, and not before', Lafe came back.

"'It's on account of Colonel Peter Tarrant, suh. He's layin' with his regiment at Lumsden's Ford, that's back there a piece to the northeast.'

"The country to the east had been well scouted lately and no body of troops reported, but here was one sittin' right across Lafe's route home so he sure was startled. 'A whole regiment, you say. You mean cavalry?'

"'Yassuh. Right smart cavalry too, suh. The Forty Third. They were recruited from this county. That's why they picked 'em to post back here to watch out for raiders jest like you suh. They been here three days. The Colonel's Miss Linda's cousin, suh. He was here visitin' her only yesterday. When you set fire to the house, day or night, he's goin' to spot the smoke or flame and know what it means, and he's goin' to ride.'

"Jolted as they'd been to know they had an enemy force that big so close, Lafe and Cutts relaxed. Cutts spoke Lafe's thought, 'We'll go back the way we come. Time he can get here from Lumsden Ford, we'll have got all the start we need home, major.'

"'Yes suh,' Moses agreed, 'sure you would cap'n suh—if he came here. But he ain't goin' to do that. No suh! Colonel Tarrant's smart. He was born and raised in these parts and knows every road and trail. There's only the two roads goin' north from here, the one through Lumsden's Ford where he's layin' now and the one you come by. When he sees the fire, he'll know you've got to go by one way or the other, and he'll leave half his men ready at the ford, and take the other half licketty-split across country. Time you can get either place, they'll be layin' up at some trappy spot, with a company dismounted waitin' to shoot you off your horses, and another one ready to swing in behind you. You won't have no place to go no more'n a treed 'coon, and you're all gonna get killed.'

"LAFE swore, 'That rebel vixen! I thought she was gettin' some kind of satisfaction out of the burning.'

"Mose wailed, 'That's every last word I know, so help me, colonel suh. Please take this thing off my neck.'

"'All right Cutts. Turn him loose.'

"Well, Lafe was steamed up all right. He took a turn or two up and down the orchard to think things over. He was a first-rate soldier, and even enjoyed the cleaner kinds of fighting. But this was different. He knew it was true there were only the two roads to the north, and his orders were dead clear to keep out of trouble. '*Collect information, inflict all possible damage on the enemy but incur no losses that are avoidable.*'

"He had information all right—hot information. An entire cavalry regiment—he could even report the number—shifted lately 'way out here. It might mean more than just flank protection. It could be the first stage of a major movement. And, if he wasn't smart, he might lose his whole command to it. This Tarrant would have scouts out patrolling far and wide. Even without the fire, he might conceivably run into him and have to fight—with one ridden-out company against a regiment! He hated to run. Most particularly he hated to have Linda see him do it. But, to his best judgment, his orders left him no choice. He shouted to his trumpeter, 'Sound the Alarm. And then Boots and Saddles.'

"In half an hour, from the old lady's bedroom Linda watched the raiders high-tail it out of the north gate there.

"WELL, ladies, that's the story. By good luck, they were the last Union troops to come back so far as this point.

"Yes, ma'am. This is so. My name's Lafe Qualtrough. You see, the truth was they'd all been play-actin' from the start and tricked him. In fact, Linda's cousin Pete Tarrant with the Forty Third Cavalry was three hundred miles away. And at that time there were no Confederate troops more than a few scouts within twenty miles of here. And by and by Linda and the negroes talked, and, the way such things do, the tale ran through the armies for a big laugh and in the end Lafe heard it. Even before that, as a woman Linda had put her mark on him. When it got to him how she'd made both armies roar with laughter at him, the mark sure scalded. Like so many Union officers, he'd liked this Southern country, and after the peace he came back down, and then he couldn't keep from comin' by this place to see if Linda was still here. After that—well, one thing led to another. But that's another story I can maybe tell you some other time."

END

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Jonas And The Lamb (*Continued from page* 19

thought and dreamed about a lamb. A pet lamb with a curly coat, such a lamb as he has seen on one brief excursion to the country at the age of ten. A lamb who would butt its blunt little head trustingly against his hand. He had coveted it then, and he had never forgotten the lamb nor mislaid his unfulfilled dream. A pet lamb of his own.

Some men wish for wealth, some for travel, some for more specific objects such as a television set, a greenhouse, or a fur coat for the wife. Old Jonas wished for none of these things. He only desired a lamb.

It was real in his imagination—as real as an alive lamb. Moreover, it had a name. It was called Tom. For over eighty years Tom had gambolled through the old man's dreams. Now, it was his companion by day as well as by night.

WHEN he sat silently gazing into the fire, he was watching Tom. Tom throwing his thick curly legs in happy abandon. He was feeling the lamb's nose, damp on his veined hand. And sometimes he would chuckle quietly. That was when Tom performed some fantastic acrobatic feat. His daughter would glance a little worriedly at him when he chuckled in this way. A small frown would crease her placid brow. Dad she would think, was such a good old man. So little trouble. But when he laughed to himself at apparently nothing, she was filled with the sharp fear that he might be getting senile.

The strange thing about Jonas and his lamb was that there had not, for some years, been any reason why he should not have had one. Even when he'd lived in town there had been a small plot of grass behind his house, rather shabby grass but it would have sufficed to keep one lamb.

And now he was surrounded by grass. His son-in-law owned a meadow, and would certainly have spared a corner to house an old man's dream.

But the truth was that old Jonas had dreamed his dream too long. To fulfil it would be to destroy it. A live lamb could never be Tom—not now.

And Jonas, although he knew nothing of psychology, knew that were he left without a wish it would be the end of him. It would be too late at ninety to find another dream.

On that April evening, Tom was very active, flinging his woolly legs about with complete inconsequence. But he had stopped his play for a moment to lay a friendly nose against the old man's hand, when the door swung open and a young couple came into the bar.

They had not been married very long, and Molly was full of the urgent desire to make everyone who crossed her path as happy as she was herself. She was a pretty girl with fair hair and soft dark eyes. Her husband, an ordinary young Englishman, had a kind humorous mouth.

Having ordered their drinks, they came over to stand close to the fire. And standing where they did, they were in close proximity to old Jonas's chair.

HIS daughter looked across at him anxiously. He'd been doing quite a lot of chuckling, and she hoped he'd not start worrying the young couple with his nonsense. But the bar was filling up, and soon all her attentions were engaged in helping her husband to serve the customers.

She heard nothing of the conversation that passed between her father and the young couple. The old man took no notice of them at first. Then, realizing that something was coming between him and the full warmth of the fire, he looked up.

"Good evening, sir," Martin said politely. "Cold for April, isn't it?"

Tom backed hurriedly to peep timidly round a convenient chair. "It's all right, old son," Jonas muttered. "There ain't nothing to be afeared of."

Then he cleared his throat and said aloud: "Aye, it's chilly enough. This weather ain't much good for the lambs, I'm thinking." He peered up at the young couple. "Happen you'll be farmers?" he suggested hopefully.

The girl laughed. "No. Martin's not a farmer. He's a doctor. But my father was a farmer. What makes you ask?"

"Don't know there was any reason," Jonas replied cautiously. "It was just a thought that came to me like. Thinking of sheep, I were. And wondering how much ground you'd have to have to keep a lamb on. One lamb."

He looked at Molly. "Maybe you can tell me? One lamb wouldn't need so much to eat, would it?"

"Good gracious, no. At least, I shouldn't think so. I don't know very much about sheep, but I'm sure one sheep could make do on a very small patch."

"That were what I thought," the old man said contentedly. "Not much, one lamb wouldn't need."

Martin, the doctor in him uppermost, narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. "If you don't mind my asking, sir, why do you want to know that? There must be plenty of people around here who know more than we do about sheep. People who could tell you exactly what you want to know."

MAYBE there are, and again maybe there ain't," Jonas replied cryptically. "But they'd be thinking I was naught but an old fool if I told 'em what I was really thinking."

"And what are you really thinking?" Molly asked softly.

Tom advanced tentatively, his round eyes inquiring. "Only as I've always had a fancy to have a pet lamb. Nice sort of things, lambs. But I'd not know how to go about keeping one. Feeding it and so on. Still, I do reckon it would be nice, to have a pet lamb."

"But surely, if you want one, you could have one here. There must be plenty of places you could keep it. It's not like a town. Why don't you ask one of the farmers to let you have one? There's nearly always one lamb in a flock who is born a pet lamb. And they are not generally much good for anything else. The farmers are often quite pleased to get rid of them."

A curious look came into the old man's eyes, half crafty, half withdrawn. Tom was butting at his elbow. "I'd not like to ask one of they," he said. "No, I'd not ask none of they. Forbye, they might laugh. It were only a fancy of mine. Just a fancy."

Martin, still looking thoughtful, offered Jonas a pint. Jonas accepted, then he lapsed into a silence from which he refused to be disturbed. When Molly spoke to him again, he only grunted.

MOLLY and Martin took their empty glasses over to the counter on their way to the door, and the landlady spoke to them.

"I hope Father's not been bothering you? There's times he'll talk, and there's times he won't. And when he does, it's mostly about sheep. Funny isn't it, seeing as he's never had anything to do with farming?"

"I don't think it's funny. I think he's sweet, and we've loved talking to him."

Then Molly added, a little defiantly: "Besides, I rather like sheep myself."

Out in the cool night air, driving towards their home in a nearby village, she said impulsively: "Oh, Martin. I wish I could find a lamb for that dear old man. Don't you think we could. He would love it so."

"I'm sure we could," her husband replied. "But I'm so so sure it would be a good idea."

"Martin! Why not? I can't see why it wouldn't. After all, if you can't have what you want when you're old, when can you? And a lamb is such a small thing to want."

Her husband was silent for a few moments.

"Well?" Molly demanded. "Why can't we find him a lamb?"

"We could find him a lamb all right. It wouldn't be difficult. It's just that I don't think it would be very sensible."

"Sensible! Who on earth wants to be sensible? I don't. But I do want to see that old man get what he wants.

"And, if his daughter had any sense, she'd have seen to it years ago."

"Perhaps she understands him better than we do," Martin suggested. "After all, she would probably be the one who would have to look after it."

"Looking after one lamb wouldn't be much trouble. Martin, do let's get him one. It would be such fun."

They had not been married very long. It was not hard for Molly to over-persuade him, even against his better judgment.

With the result that they left home very early on the following morning to find a lamb.

Finding it was the easiest part. They were successful at the second farm they called at. The farmer, amused at the story, picked one out of his lambing pens and for a couple of pounds the lamb changed hands.

Then their troubles started. A lamb in the back of a small car, a lamb moreover who did not take kindly to car travelling proved quite a tough proposition to handle. By the time they reached the Ship's Bell, Molly was flushed and untidy, but aglow with triumph.

THEY led the lamb round to the back, and Molly stayed with it while her husband went in to fetch the landlady. Mystified, she followed him out.

"Oh, my goodness," she exclaimed when she saw the lamb standing disconsolately in the middle of the small back lawn.

"He's quite tame really," Molly explained hurriedly, quite misunderstanding the landlady's horrified expression. "It's only that he is feeling a little strange. Do you think your father will like him?"

"Well. I would hardly like to say. He's always been on about a pet lamb, but that's not the same as actually *having* one, is it? And I always thought that as he were quite happy just to talk about it. But if he asked you to get him one, then that's different."

"Oh, but he didn't," Molly said. "He didn't exactly *ask* us to get him one. We, or rather I, just thought he would like one. So we brought it along," she finished a little lamely.

The old man's daughter looked dubious. "I see," she replied. Then with an obvious attempt at politeness, added: "Well, I'm sure it's very good of you. Very good of you indeed, and since you've gone to all that trouble I suppose we'd better show it to Dad. I'll go and fetch him."

Molly watched her retreating back, and then turned to Martin. "She doesn't seem exactly pleased, does she?"

Molly looked and felt deflated. Her husband looked to see even the shadows of a cloud on her face, and smiled reassuringly. "I shouldn't worry, darling. When all is said and done, you brought the lamb for her father, not for her. I'm sure he'll be pleased."

But he was not sure. He never had been sure, but he'd tried to stifle his misgivings because Molly had been so set on bringing Jonas a lamb. All Martin hoped was that she was right, and he wrong.

JONAS came out in the wake of his daughter. He walked stiffly, leaning heavily on his stick.

"There, Dad," his daughter said brightly. "See what they have brought for you. Now, isn't that nice? Fancy them going to all that trouble!"

Jonas halted at the edge of the grass. He looked at the lamb, a strange expression in his eyes. So strange that Molly's eager words died on her lips.

He gazed silently at the small woolly creature. The lamb returned his gaze blankly. They were as two strangers meeting. Strangers, who if they had their way would remain strangers.

Martin watched the little scene thoughtfully. And there was a long uncomfortable silence.

The old man's daughter did her best. "Well, Dad," she prompted, "say something. After all, the young (*Continued on page* 68)

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Jonas And The Lamb (*Continued from page* 66)

lady has gone to a lot of trouble. And you've got your lamb at last."

But Jonas said not a word. It might have been that he was so overwhelmed with pleasure that he couldn't, but Martin did not think that was the real reason.

Still without saying a word, Jonas turned and trudged laboriously back to the house. His daughter, fluttering her apologies, followed him anxiously.

Molly watched him go, her dark eyes bewildered and hurt.

"He doesn't like it, Martin. He doesn't like it and I thought he would love it."

Martin, torn between pity for her small hurt and an old man's smashed dreams, temporized. "It will be all right, my sweet. Probably he needs time to get used to the idea. He's wanted a lamb for so long, and not had one, that he may find it hard to realize. He'll have to adjust himself to it. I expect he'll love it then.

"Let's follow them in and have a drink, anyway. The lamb will be all right here."

He did not really want a drink, but he badly wanted to see old Jonas before they left. The bar was not very full. Jonas was back in his chair. But he did not look up when they came to stand near him. And his hands trembled on his stick.

That lamb ain't like Tom, he was thinking. What have they gone and done. Tom won't like a strange lamb about the place. He'll likely be jealous. And if he is, he'll not stay. He'll go away somewhere where I won't be able to find him. And how am I going to get along without Tom?

Jonas peered into the remote corners of the bar, straining his eyes. He thought he caught a glimpse of Tom's curly tail over by the door, but he couldn't be sure.

A tear forced its way over his eyelid, and rolled slowly down the deep furrow in his cheek.

Molly turned to her husband appealingly, but Martin was watching Jonas. He left her side, and bending over the old man said softly, "I'm sorry, sir. Molly didn't understand. I did. And I should have stopped her."

But Jonas did not look up. He did not even grunt.

If Tom won't stay along of me, he was thinking, then I'll have to go along of him.

He folded his hands resolutely on his stick and stared into the fire.

He could have been dozing. But he wasn't he wasn't even thinking any more. He was waiting. Waiting to see whether, if he sat still enough, Tom would come creeping back to him again.

END

Home And Mr. Dunn (*Continued from page* 16)

functional beauty, it is something on which he can draw to suit a current need, adapting, and re-discovering as he goes along. The coach-house itself, with two reception rooms, two bedrooms, and an intriguing study-cum-museum-annexe in bottle green and white, is a thoughtful combination of yesterday and today, with a strong dash of tomorrow.

A wide serving hatch, for example, with sideboard style counters in both dining-room and kitchen, has a shutter made of the tough, closely woven material used for seats on the early London trams. The old flooring of black bricks in the sitting-room has been emphasized with white carpets, and echoed with an elevated fireplace of white marble and black terraco. Although five different wallpapers have been used in the hall, he believes that a clean background, of the kind used in his sitting-room, is the answer to many colour scheme problems. It avoids dowdy neutrality, and shrill inexperience; it also allows room for everybody's favourite.

At Sonning, there is an exception to every dull and academic rule. Geoffrey Dunn "lost" the boiler pipes in the kitchen by painting them, and the neighbouring wall, black, and encasing the lot in expanded steel mesh. At the same time, he "re-discovered," with white paint, an incredible system of pipes in the toilet. "A masterpiece of organized chaos," he says.

AS a young man, Geoffrey Dunn surrounded himself with prints of the Crystal Palace (he *wanted* to be an architect), entered the family business of cabinet makers, and established himself as a pioneer of contemporary furniture with the unauthorized purchase of ten pounds' worth of Susie Cooper pottery. Today, with a reputation that extends far beyond this country, he will design a twenty-foot wardrobe (no handles; you merely touch a door and it opens); a fleet of telephone directory stands for a luxury hotel; a university reading-room, or the knob of an antique workbox. Concerned exclusively with furthering the pedigree of good design, he is at once pleased to see the contemporary movement so widely accepted, and anxious, because maker and purchaser sometimes forget that one item has to be lived with for a good many years, and needs more than a fashionable inspiration.

His own home, inevitably, is a collector's delight. The prototype of a "Britain Can Make It" chair, designed by Howard Keith, shares the same carpet with the hair-spring lines of a nineteenth-century Thornet rocking chair. The bedrooms are, in themselves, a history of Dunn's furniture: One room has some of the first pieces made with undisguised edges of ply; his wife has a dressing-table in two units, set on castors, so that she can draw the table to her side, or adjust the mirror to suit the light.

But Sonning is not a museum piece, and there is evidence of the owners' personalities in every room, with a generous corner for Robin, the dachshund. The kitchen, strictly non-clinical, has almost as many gadgets as there are days in the year. The sitting-room has a "boating recess," where Geoffrey, an enthusiastic ocean racer, keeps nautical instruments, and a small library of seafaring books. "My husband sails the high seas, and I traipse the local golf links," explains Mrs. Dunn.

They will join forces for a motor tour, however, and spin round the country in any one of three semi-vintage cars. Each and every trip, no matter how small, is spiced with the hunt for treasure. They always return with something old and something new: Six porcelain handles to relieve the austerity of built in furniture; a new print for an old frame. . . . By experimenting in this fashion, they combine the richness of yesterday with the simplicity of today.

A man of great charm and integrity, Geoffrey Dunn believes that a piece of furniture should be understood before it is taken into the home. At present, Geoffrey is designing and furnishing a small house for his mother. "The style is contemporary," he says, "but I shall use material that she knows and understands—gilt and velvet; leather and brass, provided it has been lacquered; dark wood and veneers." He does, in fact, solve all his furnishing problems by avoiding the pre-conceived formula, and considers that the agreeable reaction of older people the true measure of his success. Certainly the greatest compliment to come his way was paid by a gentleman of eighty, whose house he re-designed: "It not only looks good," he said, "it's comfortable, too."

END

It's Fun Being A Film Child

(*Continued from page* 41)

young actors from fatigue. But these children, if they make the grade and become adult actors, will not immediately become stars with cars. They must learn that film-making means early rising and travelling.

But all the time Richard and Jenny will have a governess to look after them. Both she and the production manager are mindful of the Home Office Regulations for the safeguarding of children in films. It is she who sees there are sufficient rest periods and that these are used to relax in the dressing-rooms and not for skylarking all over the studios.

Formal lessons are impossible between "takes," nevertheless, just as children in a technical school are learning while they are in the workshops or the kitchen, so Richard and Jenny are getting their vocational training on the film set. They must study their lines, work with the lighting expert and camera operator, attend to methods of make-up, above all concentrate on what the director tells them about acting. All the time they are acquiring general knowledge. While they are working on this film Richard and Jenny are learning about the organization of Covent Garden; how safes are operated by numerical combinations; how to sail a dinghy; how the river police function; what goes on inside an oil refinery.

Both governess and production manager work concientiously together for the welfare of Richard and Jenny. There are studio canteens and dressing-rooms. On location the first thought is for food and toilet accommodation for the children. During filming of *Raiders Of The River* a travelling canteen went with the film unit round Covent Garden, the docks and the oil refinery to provide daily picnics. Great mugs of tea or milk for elevenses and the four o'clock break; nourishing dinners eaten off trays were the order of the day. What could be more enjoyable? Sweets, however, are strictly rationed. Film actors with bilious attacks are frowned on.

Most film-technicians, both men and women, are young, with children of their own or hopes of a family. Richard and Jenny are treated with every consideration but, on a moderately priced film there is no time for spoiling. They are part of the team and must conform to team discipline. This is no hardship—children love it. They prefer to work seriously and to be taken seriously.

IN children's films technicians and adult actors have always to be approved by the Children's Film Foundation and their ability to work with the young is noted and recorded.

After ten weeks of hard work and healthy out-of-door life Richard and Jenny go back to their respective schools, each protesting to the end that theirs is best. In the meantime their friends have had equally good jobs and any tendency to swollen-headedness is repressed. The quiet routine of school is resumed until some other film company calls for a boy—not too small this time; a girl, not as skinny as Jenny perhaps. Until the next job materializes school is their stage.

Not all pupils reach grammar school standard but those who do enter the special stream that leads to the General Certificate of Education. Others concentrate on a syllabus that approximates to that of a secondary modern school plus the afternoon studies for their chosen profession of acting.

What is their future? At adolescence many children decide they have had enough of acting, but their thorough education at the dramatic school, coupled with their general knowledge and physical poise, has equipped them to compete for good places in other spheres. Some go on with their dramatic training, already aware of the hard work that lies before them if they are to achieve success, encouraged perhaps by the knowledge that others, like Jean Simmons, have started in children's films and risen to stardom. For such as these hard work is all part of the fun.

END

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The Street Of Sighs (*Continued from page 31*

misleading—for now, no doubt, you will consider us heart specialists. I use the word heart figuratively. We prescribe for unhappiness."

John Brookes thought of his own misery and the circumstances that had brought it about. If unhappiness were a malady then surely his malady was incurable. "What does a bottle of your happiness elixir cost?" he asked, a sneer in his voice.

"Happiness is not found in a bottle," said the Arab unpertubed. "We can but show the way it may be attained. Nor is success always possible, for no man is happy unless he believes himself so."

John Brookes noticed that the uniformed guide was waiting with obvious impatience for him to rejoin the boat party. He said: "Thank you," rather stiffly to the patriarchal man and crossed to his fellow travellers.

IT was perhaps inevitable that in spite of all his doubts John Brookes should return to the Street of Sighs and this time alone; for unhappiness was, and had been for some years, his constant companion.

He, who had considered the teaching profession a vocation now found it irksome and futile, a fact that had become so obvious to the other faculty members as to prompt the Head to suggest, in his kindly way, that perhaps a change of climate for a few weeks would do him a great deal of good. In effect unhappiness had driven him half around the world.

He had come alone; for surely to take Susan was to bring with him the wellspring of his misery. His wife was his problem just as, no doubt, he was hers. Freedom from their marriage, he felt, would mean happiness for both. But that was impossible under the circumstances. The realization of this fact presented itself to him even as he turned into the shadowed street and almost drove him back to the boat. But no matter how hopeless his case might seem or how great a charlatan the old happiness dispenser was, Brookes knew that if he did not try his unusual medicine, all the days of his life he would wonder if he had missed the one workable solution.

The old Arab was not to be seen as John stooped under the arched doorway into the dark interior of what seemed a secondhand bookshop. The musty smell of age permeated the place. He had to wait a little while for his eyes to become accustomed to the gloom within after the glare of the tropical sun outside. The beaded curtains parted and the patriarchal Arab came in, a book in his right hand and a lean finger marking where he had been reading. His face showed no surprise.

"Good morning. Can I be of some assistance?"

"I met you yesterday," Brookes blurted, ill at ease and very conscious of it. "I was with——"

"The party from the boat," the other finished for him. "Yes, I remember you perfectly. Will you be seated?"

John Brookes sat down feeling awkward, the perspiration on his forehead an embarrassment. "It's hot."

"It is usually so here," said the old man mildly. "When I was in England I noticed that one of the many blessings you enjoyed was an abundance of rain and weather charged with infinite variety."

Brookes's mind was already fixed on his personal problem. "I felt I had to see you. I have a problem."

"Which is making you unhappy?"

"Yes."

"You are certain the problem is related to your unhappiness?"

"Of course."

"And you feel that the resolution of your problem would restore you to happiness?"

"Naturally." There was irate impatience in the reply.

"Would you care to tell me about it?"

"It is not easy to tell. I wouldn't tell it at all only you are a stranger and it is hardly likely that we will ever meet again."

The old man nodded his head, glanced at the page he had been marking and closed the covers.

John Brookes told him about Susan. He described her minutely as he had seen her last; her plain oval face, hard and dispassionate, its habitual surliness, her slovenly attire. She carried her unhappiness around with her like a large black handbag that could not be hidden away. Since both were Catholics divorce was impossible and because of his position separation would probably result in his having to resign from the faculty. . . .

His unhappy story poured out of him but it left the dregs of all the things he could not put into words. How Susan and he repelled each other like opposite poles of a magnet, the atmosphere of discontent that filled the house, that lay thickly in their respective bedrooms, that shrouded the breakfast table, the thousand and one annoying mannerisms—all these were too obscure to put into words.

He stopped talking. There was no more he could add.

"Has it always been like this between yourself and your wife?"

Brookes's memory stepped back over the shattered pieces of his life to where the debris ended.

"No. Not always."

"At first you were happy?"

"Yes."

"What attracted you to your wife?"

Brookes thought hard. He was trying to remember. The effort was very great. It all seemed so long ago. "She was young. We understood each other. Laughed at the same things, I suppose. She was very lovely then."

"She is lovely no longer?"

"No." The reply was instant. He thought of Susan's oval face, again trying to glimpse in retrospect a vestige of the beauty he had once seen there.

The old man began to stroke his beard.

"When did you first notice that your wife was no longer beautiful?"

Brookes remembered perfectly. She had gone into the nursing home, big with their child. She looked radiant. When next he saw her she was ashen, spent, an old woman with a white face, and what was to have been their son was dead. His body seemed to lie between them. The waxen mask clung to her ever afterwards.

SHE could never have any more children. The patriarchal hand faltered for a moment and reached for the ivory box. "Would you care to smoke?"

Brookes fumbled gratefully for a cigarette and lighted it, inhaling deeply. The other did not smoke. "Would you have an old picture of yourself, sir?"

Brookes produced his passport. It was five years old. The white face was almost unrecognizable as his own. All passport photographs were bad.

The Arab studied the picture for a moment. "You have changed, too."

Brookes stirred in his chair. "Well, naturally. A little white around the temples, maybe. After all it was five years ago."

Silence lay between them. Brookes puffed at his cigarette. He was beginning to regret he had come. Then: "Is your wife with you?"

"On this trip? No." The question was laughable. "I came alone. For my health.

"Is there another man?"

"Lord, no!" Brookes wished there were. "And—forgive the question, but sometimes it happens—in your case there is no other woman?"

Brookes shook his head. He was finished with women. He wanted freedom as a suffocating man wanted air.

"Are you positive in your own mind that the happiness you both once shared cannot be retrieved?"

Brookes hesitated. His retrospective plunge had made it easier to think of Susan as she was. "I'm afraid not. I can't see——"

"Are you certain that the happiness you knew is not lying around somewhere like a lost thing, unrecognizable because of the dust of pain and sorrow and disappointment that clings to it?"

Brookes stubbed out his cigarette end. "I'm sure of nothing," he said. "All I know is that I am unhappy with Susan and she is unhappy with me. Neither of us is involved in another affair. We're simply prisoners, each of us at once prisoner and warder. There is no way out."

The old man came to his feet. "In your case there is little I can do by way of an immediate solution to your problem."

"I suspected so," said Brookes.

"But what I can do, with your co-operation, is to prove conclusively that the happiness you once found with your wife has not been simply mislaid."

"How can you do that?"

"I can't. I can but show you how you may prove it to yourself. But I must have your full co-operation—and your word of honour that you will carry out all instructions I may give you for a period of three months. I assure you beforehand that none of them will be unreasonable."

His eyes smiled suddenly and he rubbed his hands together.

"The oldest of us, Mr. Brookes, is very young in comparison to the age of this woeful world. If you will excuse me now, I will go to prepare my—er—medicine."

HE vanished into the inner room leaving Brookes wondering how he had discovered his name until he remembered his passport.

Brookes waited. . . .

As the minutes went by the blinding sun peeped in the doorway and began to swing slowly across the floor. A lank dog looked in once and fixed glazed eyes on the waiting man before disappearing again. The street was oddly quiet outside and there was no sound from the inner room.

When the Arab returned, he was cool, clean and still magnificent. He brought with him a gold-embossed note book and a small ivory box, placed them on the table, and sat down.

"You must forgive the delay," he said apologetically, "but my fingers grow stiff these days and make writing difficult." He picked up the box, which Brookes perceived was carved in delicate and exquisite detail A tiny heart made a projection for lifting the lid. Inside, set in a slot which held it vertical, was a silver ring. A tiny heart-shaped ruby formed the centre of its intricate design.

"Knowing your love of beauty," said the older man, "I know you will appreciate this ring."

"It is lovely," agreed Brookes.

"It can also be magical," said the Arab, "in so far as anything can be magical."

Brookes was mildly sceptical. "In what way?"

"It can restore the lost loveliness of your wife. Not at once, but gradually. As the metal moulds the skin so shall her beauty be restored." He smiled quietly seeing the incredulity in the other's face. "You find that difficult to believe?"

"Indeed I do."

"Nevertheless it is so. Presented as a gift it can have the rare magical property of restoring beauty or, where beauty does not exist, creating it. You must present the ring to your wife without disclosing its origin or its purpose. You must tell her, or infer, that it was purchased specifically for her—a memento of your eastern travels. You will also cable her from your last port of call to tell her when you expect to be home. You need not say more than that."

His slender fingers rested lightly on the embossed cover of the notebook. "You will notice that all the pages of this book are sealed at the front edges. You must open them one at a time. The first you may open at your last port of (*Continued on page 73*)

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Pinch of salt
5 oz. Stork Margarine
1 tablespoon water
Egg yolk or milk to coat

Filling

1 pint shelled prawns
4 sliced hard-boiled eggs
½ lb. tomatoes (skinned and sliced)
2 oz. peeled and sliced mushrooms, if liked
6 oz. grated cheese
6 tablespoons milk
Salt and pepper

Pastry: Sieve flour and salt. Rub in Stork and mix with water. Roll out thinly and line a pie-dish. Cut out small rounds or fancy shapes from pastry scraps. Damp rim, and decorate with the cut-out shapes.

Filling: Arrange layers of the dry ingredients in the pastry-lined pie-dish, seasoning each layer, and saving sufficient grated cheese, sliced eggs and prawns for the top. Sprinkle top with remaining cheese, season, pour the milk over, and bake for 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6: 400°F.) on second shelf from top. Remove. Brush decorated rim all over with egg yolk or milk, return to oven for 10-15 minutes longer. Remove and decorate with prawns and egg. Serve hot or cold.

Serves 6 portions

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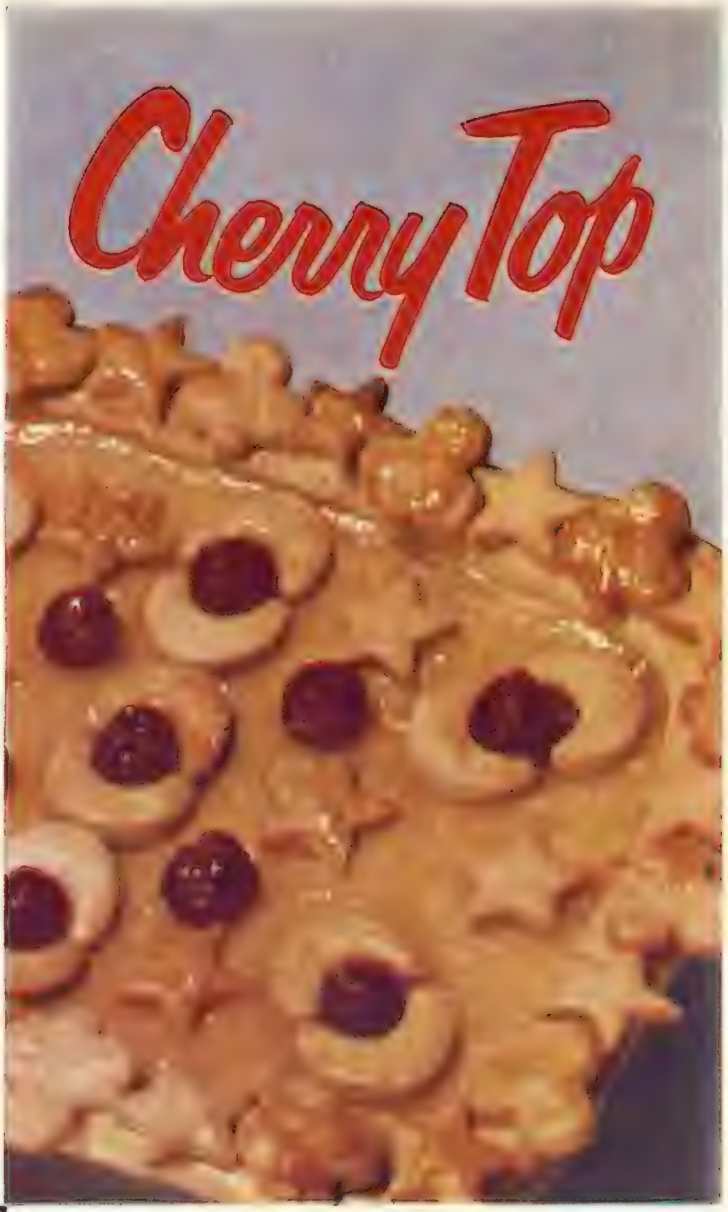

Rich Short Pastry

8 oz. flour
Pinch of salt
5 oz. Stork Margarine
1 tablespoon water
1 rounded tablespoon sugar
Milk and castor sugar to coat

Filling

2 heaped tablespoons apricot jam
1 tin bright red cherries
1½ lb. apples
Grated rind of 1 lemon
3-4 oz. sugar
2 oz. Stork Margarine

Pastry: Sieve flour and salt. Rub in Stork, stir in sugar and mix with water. Roll out thinly and line a pie-dish. Cut out small fancy shapes from pastry scraps to decorate top and rim. Prick bottom and bake 'blind' for 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven (Regulo Mark 5: 380°F.) on second shelf from top. Remove paper etc., brush rim with water and press on fancy shapes. Brush with milk, sprinkle with castor sugar, and bake for 20-25 minutes longer. Bake remaining fancy shapes, coated similarly, on a baking sheet for 10-15 minutes. Remove.

Filling: Cook apples with sugar, lemon rind and Stork. Mash or sieve. Arrange half of the cherries at the bottom of the pie dish, pour the apples over. When cooled a little, boil the apricot jam for 2-3 minutes, and pour evenly over. Add the remaining cherries on top and decorate with remaining fancy shapes.

Serves 6 portions

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The Street Of Sighs (*Continued from page 70*)

call, the second before you disembark and thereafter at the beginning of every day. On these pages I have written instructions—things you must either say or do with as much conviction as you can. There are as many pages as there are days in the next three months. However, if having presented the ring you find that not even a vestige of your wife's former beauty has been restored then you may destroy the note book and abandon the entire plan."

Brookes's gaze wandered from the book back to the ring. The tiny ruby heart seemed to have fire imprisoned in its depths. It looked expensive. "I don't know if I can afford to buy the ring, let alone pay whatever your fee may be."

The old man smiled again and closed the lid of the box with his finger. "You need not let that worry you, Mr. Brookes. For my services there is no charge. The ring is not very expensive and you need not pay for that now. Some day—I hope under happier circumstances—you may write to me."

COMPLETELY nonplussed, Brookes studied the pariarchal face, alive now with kindly benignity. "To whom shall I write?"

"You will find my name and the address of this house in the last sealed page of the note book. You will know them at the end of three months."

Brookes picked up the box and the note-book. He felt very humble. "I will write you and I give you my word of honour to carry out your instructions to the best of my ability."

"You can do no more."

At Gibraltar Brookes broke open the first page of the book. The black script was large and beautifully executed. It simply reminded him to inform his wife of his arrival home. He sent a cable to Susan stating briefly that he expected to dock at Southampton on the following Thursday. He could imagine her surprise when she received it.

Each night after that he examined the ring, imagining it on his wife's finger, wondering what her reaction would be when she first received it, and wondering, too, in spite of his scepticism if it really had the power to restore beauty. During this trip he had heard many stories of inexplicable happenings in the East; of fakers and charms and spells, sufficient to make him wonder if, after all, the West knew all the answers.

Three hours before the boat docked at Southampton he opened the second page. The message read: "This day you will present the ring to your wife. It is a present from you. A trifle you picked up during your travels. You may say it is supposed to be a lucky charm. On no account must you tell her its true purpose."

As he expected, Susan did not meet the boat and he had no sense of disappointment. Nor did she meet his train. As he walked from the tiny station towards the village he felt chilled.

HIS house stood a little apart from the village and he noticed as he opened the gate that Susan had had the garden seen to. He looked into the dining-room and the kitchen, and on the shelf over the stove he found a stack of unopened mail. He glanced through the letters, selected one, and passed along to the drawing-room.

Susan was curled up on the sofa reading.

She looked up from the book as he came in. "You're back," she said.

"Yes." He slit open the letter and began to read. Not a word registered. He had been remembering Susan as she had been. Seeing her as she actually was came as a shock.

"You're tanned," said Susan.

He put the letter into his inside pocket. "Yes."

"Enjoy yourself?" As if he had been for an afternoon stroll.

"It was interesting."

She returned to her book.

The gap between himself and Susan seemed immeasurable. He toyed with the ivory box in his pocket. He found himself colouring. "I brought you something."

She looked up, startled, her eyes wide, cigarette smoke drifting from her mouth and nostrils. Her face was waxen.

He took the box from his pocket, dropped it into her hand. She uncurled her legs from beneath her and laid aside the book. She stubbed out her cigarette. He watched her as she examined the box, as she lifted the lid. He heard the quick intake of her breath. "I thought you might like to have it."

She took out the ring. The stone lacked the fire of the African sun but it was still exquisite. She slipped it on her third finger just beneath her wedding ring.

"I think I'll stroll around a bit," he said, "just to get acclimatized again."

He went in terror lest she would thank him.

HE met Bob Reynolds and his wife in Old Street. Both seemed glad to see him. They remarked on his tan and how fit he looked.

"A pity Susan did not care to go," said Mrs. Reynolds. "It would have done her the world of good."

He returned to the house soon afterward to find Susan on her way out. He remembered that this was her club night. She was drawing on her gloves at the door. She wore a costume he had not seen before.

"I fixed some supper for you," she said, "in the drawing-room."

She had also put out his slippers, he discovered, and the fire was bright.

He was in bed before he remembered the note book. He would not be seeing Susan again tonight. He opened the third page. "At breakfast talk a little about your travels. Think of something that impressed you. Talk about it. Mention that you wished she could have seen it."

The following morning he went downstairs. They usually breakfasted in the kitchen. Susan was frying eggs and bacon on the stove. She was not smoking and was fully dressed in a cotton frock and frilled apron. He noticed immediately that she wore the ring he had given her. The papers had been delivered. One was beside his plate of cereal and the other beside hers. He said, "Good morning," as he sat down. Susan murmured something that could have been the same thing.

"It looks as though it's going to make a nice day," he said.

"It does," said Susan.

She sat down. The silence between them began to extend itself.

"It's nice to be back," he said. "A trip abroad does do you good. . . . It's interesting to see things that you've seen only in photographs. I remember wishing you could have seen some of them." He paused a moment feeling hot. "They are really impressive. . . . You'd have enjoyed them. . . ."

Susan upset the salt cellar reaching for the sugar. He turned it upright for her, and both of them stared at the little pyramid of salt on the table cloth.

"A pinch over your left shoulder," suggested Brookes.

SHE did it automatically and he looked at her for the first time. His slightly amused regard instantly changed to wonder.

Beyond a shadow of a doubt Susan had changed, slightly, it was true, but nevertheless the change was noticeable. There was a spot of colour on both cheeks and her eyes seemed larger and brighter. The lustreless gaze he had known was gone. He coloured slightly when he realized that she had become aware of his regard.

They finished their breakfast in silence, but the old hostility no longer lay between them.

That night before he went to sleep he opened the fourth page of the note book and read: "If you have noticed a change for the better in your wife's appearance, remark on it without any reference to how she had been looking."

The task was made very easy for him the following morning. As he came down the stairs he heard Susan hum a snatch of a tune in the kitchen. The sunshine poured in the window. She wore a different frock.

"You look remarkably well these days, Susan," he said.

She turned bright eyes on him, her lips slightly parted in pleased surprise, her colour heightening a little. "I feel good."

During the weeks that followed the great change in his wife became apparent to others. They were invited out to cocktail and bridge parties, on picnics, for golf, for tennis. On Susan's timorous suggestion he gave a talk to the Country Club for Women on his trip abroad. It was a great success. Susan in her capacity of Vice President; seconded a vote of thanks to him, and made a tactful and gracious speech which was laced with humour.

Every night Brookes read a fresh page of the embossed notebook and memorized his lesson for the following day. The things he was instructed to say to Susan were becoming more and more endearing. He carried out the instructions to the letter and with growing ease.

On the eighth week after his return a comment of Bob Reynolds gave him food for thought.

"I must go on one of those cruises some day," Bob said. "It certainly did *you* good. You're a changed man. You look ten years younger."

HE felt younger too. He had a new enthusiasm for work. It had become a vocation again. He also had a great capacity for enjoyment, and almost every day now he felt the old longing to take Susan in his arms.

On the evening of the day of Bob Reynolds' revealing comment he returned home to find Susan in tears. She had lost the ring. It had always been a little loose. She felt it must have come off with her glove.

Although he tried to treat the matter as unimportant, he was horrified. Already he thought he saw in her tear-stained face the shade of the ugliness he had known.

Later in the privacy of his bedroom he sat down to write a letter to the patriarchal Arab. He was going to tell him of the amazing power of the ring and how it had transformed Susan and himself and both their lives. He would also tell him of the tragedy its loss would mean. . . . It was only when he had the pen poised on the paper that he realized that the Arab's name and address were enclosed in the last page of the note book. He slipped a letter opener as close as he could to the back cover and turned over the heavy block of sealed pages. He had missed the last page by a single leaf. The first sentence of the black script arrested his attention. The entry read:

"This is a final word. The ring itself will have served its purpose by now. It is unimportant. Its real charm was that it came from you and your wife seemed remembered while you were away. The metal and stone are incapable of doing anything beyond adorning a finger. . . . Because you have proven it to be true you must remember all the days of your life that nothing is more beautifying than the knowledge that you are loved."

BROOKES slowly closed the book and very thoughtfully went downstairs. He found Susan in the drawing-room, a ridge of worry creasing her forehead. She looked up as he came in and sat motionless at the expression on his face.

He took her hands in his. "Still worried about the ring?"

She nodded her head but the line of anxiety had vanished.

"Don't give it another thought, Susan. Next year I will take you to where I got it and we will see if we can get one just like it."

He drew her towards him. She had never looked lovelier.

END

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The Latest Beauty Fashion Hint:

Beauty editors everywhere recommend toilet soap and water as a wonderful treatment for most skins. These experts know that it frees the pores of all impurities if the soft lather is massaged well into the skin and then washed away with cool water—but the soap must be mild, bland and superfatted. The ideal soap is cold cream soap, creamy in colour and in texture—Cussons make a really good cold cream beauty soap, and one 1/3d. tablet will last quite long enough for you to see the improvement in your skin, if the lather massage routine is followed regularly and faithfully morning and evening.

Basis For Beauty

(*Continued from page* 35)

are making. You will soon be able to see exactly how the omission or addition of certain foods affects you.

The word diet is so closely associated with the process of losing weight, that it is not often connected with other aspects of beauty. For instance, colouring. Here, naturally, your own pigmentation of skin and hair is the basis, but as the food you eat is the fuel that keeps your body at its highest standard of efficiency and vitality, so a well-planned diet can maintain your natural colouring at its most attractive.

Foods that contain iron deepen the tones of healthy colouring in cheeks and lips, Those that are rich in calcium make for strong finger-nails and healthy white teeth.

Raw green vegetables are the best source of iron. Calcium, so essential to healthy teeth, nails and hair, is obtained from milk, cheese and butter.

The human skin, considering what it has to put up with from a smoke-laden climate, harsh soaps, and the clogging effect of too-heavy make-up, is remarkably tough. Even so, the typically fine English skin, easily dries, with resultant flakiness and, eventually, wrinkles. Thorough cleansing, plus the protection of a lubricating night cream and daytime powder base, is the external protection needed; but just as much attention should be given to the internal "feeding" of the skin. Over-dry skins respond to increased fat in the diet. Milk, butter, or the concentrated fat in cod liver oil provide the fatty protection needed.

Conversely that other all-too-conspicuous bane, spottiness, is often caused by too much sweet or fatty food, so here again, avoid sweets, chocolate, rich cakes and fried foods.

Vitamin B foods, like wholewheat bread, cereals containing wheat germ are specially helpful.

END

Gardening

(*Continued from page* 55)

garden, or in some other prominent position, the *floribunda* or *polyantha* types give a better and longer show than the hybrid teas, though I still think the latter are the most beautiful. At the same time, they are less showy and one is tempted to underplant, or interplant them with something else to give a more continuous show. The roses do not like this—whether the other plants do or not—so it is better to give your hybrid teas a corner of their own in which you can take particular delight in July and September. Put polyanthas and floribundas—such as *Frensham*, a rich red; *Fashion*, salmon pink; and *Independence*, cinnabar scarlet—in a part where you want a show of colour over a longer period.

Our early crocuses, snowdrops, and irises are making brilliant patches of colour against these delightful dwarf conifers which, with the exception of one or two varieties, do remain dwarf. They are a very good investment. The dark and light greens, the blues and purples and yellows in upright, prostrate, or bushy forms, give form and colour to the rock garden all through the Winter, and show up the brilliant Spring colours to perfection.

Bad weather often cuts down working days, but cleaning and replanting herbaceous borders should be finished this month. Do any regrouping if you need to turn out the failures of last year, and fill up with more worthwhile ones.

The vegetable garden is clamouring for attention, too. Root crops can be sown outside, such as intermediate carrots, globe beetroot, early turnips, spinach, leeks, cabbage, cauliflowers and brussels sprouts, and also, most important, early peas and broad beans.

March is a busy month for greenhouse work. There are so many things to sow and prick off that make a good excuse to shelter from the cold outdoor work.

END

Just Say Cheese (*Continued from page 56*)

Bread and Cheese Casserole

1 cup grated cheddar cheese
3 eggs
4 slices bread
Small can tomato juice
1 teaspoon baking powder
Pinch of salt
1 tablespoon prepared mustard

Beat the eggs well and mix with the grated cheese. Add the baking powder, salt, and mustard. Remove the crusts from the bread and cut each slice into four pieces. Spread each piece thickly with the cheese mixture. Put the bread and the tomato juice in layers in a casserole. Cover the top with a little more grated cheese. Bake in a slow oven, (300°, or Regulo 1) for twenty-five minutes. Serve hot, with a green salad as a side-dish.

Cheese and Tomato Savoury

1 large grated onion
3 oz. grated cheese
3 oz. margarine
4 minced tomatoes
2 eggs
½ cup white breadcrumbs
Tomato sauce

This is an excellent dish for busy people, as it can be prepared the day before use, and heats up well. Simmer the onion in ½ cupful water. Add the margarine and the minced tomatoes. Simmer until cooked through. Take off heat and allow to cool slightly, then add the cheese and stir well. Add the well-beaten eggs, the tomato sauce and the breadcrumbs. Return to a low heat, stir till the mixture thickens. Pour into a greased pie dish, and put into a moderate oven (350°, Regulo 3) till the top is lightly browned. Serve hot.

Quick Pizza

The paste for pizza made in the Italian fashion takes some time to prepare, so I experimented and found that crumpets make an excellent substitute. Allow one crumpet per person, and spread with the following mixture:

1 2-oz. can anchovy fillets in oil
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 onions, thinly sliced
Bottled or canned tomatoes
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Salt and pepper

Drain the oil from the anchovies, and add this oil to the olive oil. Heat the oil in a pan and cook the onions gently till they are transparent. Add the mashed tomatoes and simmer for fifteen minutes. Grease a baking sheet, and put the crumpets on them. Put a little chopped anchovies on each crumpet, then the cooked mixture. Sprinkle with cheese, salt and pepper, and bake till golden brown in a medium oven (350°, Regulo 3). Serve at once.

Cheese and Fruit Jelly

1 packet lemon jelly
1 can crushed pineapple
1 lb. cream cheese
¼ pint whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk
2 oz. blanched chopped almonds

Drain the juice from the pineapple and make up to half pint with water. Dissolve the lemon jelly in this liquid. Mix in the other ingredients, leaving the cream till last. Place in a rinsed mould and allow to set in a refrigerator or cold larder. I sometimes add half a cup of mayonnaise to this mixture, and serve it on lettuce, but this is entirely a matter of taste.

One last word. *Never* boil cheese unless you're short of string!

END

Something To Be Said For Maturity

(*Continued from page 13*)

wn brand of charm. Good humour may sound mediocre but how ovable it is, and that we can *all* cultivate.

I suppose the great menace of middle-age is increasing self-interest. low easy it is to think of "my" chair, *my* comfort, and *my* aches nd pains. There is nothing actually wrong with a rut—ruts can be ery comforting things—but to jerk oneself out of a favourite groove extraordinarily stimulating. Even casting out querulousness.

There are two ways of facing each day. The wrong way, it seems to me, is "Another day gone, thank heaven!" The happy way, "Here's another day—good!"

You may like to have a shot at a sort of game I play.

Tuesday is my day for not mentioning myself, my feelings or my wishes. Not even *once*. I slip up, but Tuesday seems a happy day.

I know it's trite. I know it's easier said than done, but blessing counting is a Good Thing. Hollow though it may sound, there *is* someone who would be glad to be in our shoes.

May I tell about a neighbour of mine?

She couldn't have less of this world's goods. She has the old age pension and her cats. Nothing more. I peer in her window when I'm out shopping and I see no carpet, no easy chair, only a kitchen table and a hard upright chair. A knife twists in my heart when I tap on the window and mouth, "Are you all right?" Always I get a smile and a nod. That woman is a living sermon to me. There am I grousing because I can't afford some petty luxury when she is living and smiling on The Pension.

I know many women are unutterably lonely. They tell me so. With real temerity I suggest that none of us need be so. But we need to pocket our pride and *speak first*. Speak to a stranger in the fish shop or the park. They won't scream for the police. Many friendships have had just such mundane beginnings.

In every town and village in the country there is friendship waiting, in the church. One or two Sunday visits will open the door. There is sure to be someone who "rings our bell."

We older ones have many advantages and the wit to see them comes marching along with the years, if you see what I mean.

END

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I'll Never Forget You . . . (*Continued from page* 38)

cornet in a big band, you'll give concerts at the Albert Hall."

"You honestly believe that, don't you, Debbie?" For a moment she had thought he was going to cry. "With all my heart."

AND there were times when he'd been sitting on the bench, his dark head bend and he had looked shabby and cold. She knew that things had gone badly for him, then. Maybe the part-time job he had after school had fizzled out, or maybe he'd had to take his small savings and bail his father out of jail again.

Those were the bad times. He'd say, "I just waited to say goodbye, Debbie. I'm going away."

"Then I'll follow you, Ron, and you haven't even asked me to. Shameless, aren't I?"

He'd take her in his arms then and his tall lanky body would seem to crumple against her. "Crazy and wonderful, Debbie."

There were the good times, too. Times when she would hear the music before she saw him. He would be standing facing the river playing to an unseen audience, and she would tiptoe to the bench and sit down and listen.

It was then she would know deep down inside her that Ron had greatness in him, because he could take a tune that had been played until it was worn out and he would make it come out shining and brand new.

She stood now at the opening in the foliage and she could see Ron pacing excitedly back and forth in front of the bench. He raised his head and she saw the glow on his face and despite his shabbiness there was an air of triumph about him.

She knew then that something wonderful had happened. She turned and ran down the path, the silver bells on her charm bracelet making a gay tinkling sound.

She reached the clearing. She called, "Ron!"

They came together with all the eagerness of lovers who have been separated for years. When at last they could speak Ron said, "Debbie . . ." and his voice caressed the name. And she said, "Darling, darling," and her voice put a special meaning into the term of endearment. "Something wonderful has happened, hasn't it?"

He grinned. "I've got a job in an orchestra, Debbie." He pulled her over to the bench and they sat down. He told her. Tony Monsetti was playing tonight at the Crystal Ballroom. "I found out that they were rehearsing at the ballroom at three, and so I took my horn and went there and I walked up to Tony. I said, 'I want a job in your band, Mr. Monsetti.'"

"And so he gave you a job, Ron!"

"He did not!" Ron laughed wryly. "He said, 'Who wouldn't? Sorry son, but I've a rehearsal to do.' And he turned away and started giving instructions to the boys in the band. Lordie, Debbie, it's only once in ten years a band like Tony's comes to a town this size. This was my once chance and I could feel it slipping away."

"Oh Ron, darling . . ." her throat tightened. "What did you do?"

"I took my horn out of the case. I played "Stardust" and I made it you and me, Debbie, walking hand in hand under the stars."

"Did you, Ron?" She reached out and gently touched his hand.

"And afterwards I stood there breathing hard and I watched Tony get down off the stage and come walking towards me. I was scared, Debbie," he laughed. "I thought maybe he was going to call the police."

"Poor Ron!"

"Finally he reached me and he said, 'You do all right, boy.' He held up my poor battered horn so the boys in the band could see and he said, 'Take note, you knuckleheads. That bit of artistry you just heard came out of this!' And he handed it back to me. And then he told me about this friend of his who has an orchestra that tours the seaside resorts, see? He needs a horn man, and I'm to join his orchestra at Swanage on Saturday. I've already got my credits. I won't make much to start with, but it's a beginning, Debbie."

She thought, Ron's going away. Maybe he'll never come back. And she couldn't stand the thought of life without him. "Take me with you, darling. We could be married in two days' time."

"I'll go and talk to your father, Debbie. He can't object to me now that I have a steady job."

She looked at Ron, her heart aching. She couldn't tell him that Dad would never consent to their marriage even if Ron had a top job with Tony Monsetti. Because to Dad, Ron was all wrong for her. It wasn't just the lack of money. Ron lived in the poor part of town, and had a drunken father. They couldn't point with pride to Ron and say, "This is our son-in-law."

But she didn't want Ron to know that. She said, "He wouldn't even listen, Ron. Let's elope. Please!"

"You love me that much, Debbie?" he asked huskily.

She thought of hurting Mother and Dad, of leaving her home and friends. Maybe if she explained to her parents about how she felt about Ron—— Then she knew it was hopeless. The way she felt about Ron wasn't something you could explain to anyone.

"I love you that much, Ron," she said softly. "I'll tell my parents I'm staying at Betty's and you could meet me in front of the library at five."

* * *

Friday afternoon she walked down the street through rain and she was crying because she hated to leave home, and then she reached the library. She saw Ron's old car parked at the kerb and Ron anxiously watching for her. She brushed the tears away.

He was wearing a clean white shirt and a tie and the rain glistened on his dark hair. She reached him and he awkwardly thrust a white corsage box at her. "Here, Debbie."

There were three gardenias. "Oh Ron, they're beautiful!" She pinned them on her red coat and for the first time she began to feel like a bride.

Later Debbie was to remember certain vague things about the marriage ceremony. The plain, office-like room, the witnesses, strangers to them, and the curious unreality of it all.

But there was nothing vague about the firm way Ron held her hand, or the way he said, "I do."

And then it was over and they were outside in the car and Ron was saying, "Fine husband I am. Haven't even got a place for my bride to sleep, and I'll bet you're hungry, aren't you?"

"We can stop at a coffee stall, and——"

"No coffee stall!" Ron grinned at her as he started the car. "We're going to sleep in the bridal suite, we're going to have dinner brought to our room, and have champagne in a bucket of ice."

The bridal suite was in a small hotel, and dinner was steak and chips served in great style on the bedside table that Ron pulled out. The champagne was cider poured into thick tumblers.

Ron held up his tumbler. "Someday, Debbie, it will be real champagne and we'll live in a flat so far up in the sky that I can reach out and grab you a handful of stars."

She said softly, "Nothing I like better than a handful of stars."

Their eyes met and all at once she felt solemn. They finished the meal in silence and finally the table was back beside the bed. There was nothing left to do but go to bed.

Debbie undressed in the bathroom and she was trembling. She should have a frilly lacy nightgown. Instead she'd grabbed her old red pyjamas.

From force of habit she brushed her teeth and combed her hair and then stood there for a minute, the tiled floor cold under her bare feet. Then she took a deep breath and opened the door.

She saw Ron. He was standing before the mirror clad in new plaid cotton pyjamas.

They stood looking at each other and there was a terrible painful silence and Debbie felt uncertain and stupid. And then Ron snapped his fingers. "Music!" he said. "I almost forgot that a bride should have music on her wedding night. You get into bed, Debbie, and I'll give you a concert."

She almost ran to the bed. She pulled the covers up to her neck and lay there shivering. Ron turned off the light and sat on the other twin bed. He played softly. Old tunes, but new and shining the way he played them. He played *Claire de Lune* softly with heartbreak and tenderness in it and his face was all golden in the moonlight.

And then the music was shattered by a loud pounding on the door. She heard Dad's voice, "Deborah! Open the door."

She jumped out of bed and Ron was beside her. "They've come to take you away from me."

"But they can't take me away, Ron. We're married and——" The pounding grew louder and she said frantically, "If we do get separated you wait for me by the river."

"I will, Debbie."

Ron turned on the light then and unlocked the door and Dad and Mother and the hotel proprietor came in. He said angrily, "I didn't know they weren't married."

"But we are married!" Debbie cried. "We were married tonight."

"I've got a job in an orchestra, Mr. Marshall. I can take care of Debbie."

For a moment Debbie thought Dad was going to strike him. But instead he lashed out at Ron, and Ron stood there flinching as if the words were physical blows.

"Stop it, Dad!" She jerked herself out of her mother's arms and ran to Ron, threw her arms around his neck.

"You're under age, Deborah, the marriage is illegal," Dad's voice was quieter now, but unshakable. "I absolutely forbid you to stay here with this man."

Ron said dully, "You'd better go, Debbie."

She was hustled into her coat. Hurried out to the car. Dad stayed with Ron and the door was closed. She sat beside her mother crying. "What's Dad doing to him, Mother!"

"Stop being dramatic, Deborah. He's just talking to him." And then she put her arms around Debbie and said gently, "You'll forget him, believe me you will. Some day you'll even look back and laugh at yourself all tangled up in puppy love."

Dad came out of the hotel then and they drove away. The next afternoon she went to the river, but Ron didn't come. And he didn't come the next day or the next and after a while she didn't go there any more. . . .

* * *

Debussy's *La Mer* came to a close and Debbie heard Alan say, "I think we should have that one, don't you?"

It was difficult to speak. She stammered, "Oh yes, by all means." She looked at Alan. She remembered that in a month they were being married at St. Mark's Cathedral. She would have eight bridesmaids and two pages. She would walk up the aisle holding Dad's arm and Mother would be in the front pew weeping quietly.

But for happiness this time because she and Dad were delighted over this marriage. Two prominent and old families would be united in marriage. They could point with pride to Alan and say, "This is our son-in-law."

She thought bitterly: "Everything has gone so right for you, Alan. You have everything. Ron had nothing." She turned her head and looked at the booth across the hall. Was Ron still there? She remembered the times she had waited for him by the river. "Why didn't you come, Ron? Why? I'd have gone with you anywhere."

Alan was taking the records off the gramophone. He looked at his watch. "I've got to go. I (*Continued on page* 78

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I'll Never Forget You . . .

(*Continued from page 76*)

promised to look in at the office before six."

"You go, Alan. I'll take a taxi home. I—I want to listen to the first movement of Brahms' Fourth."

"I'll see you tonight then."

"About seven thirty, Alan," she said.

He took her in his arms. "Alan? Isn't that a bit impersonal for a couple who are formally and properly engaged?"

She knew he wanted her to call him darling. But she couldn't do it. That endearment would always belong to Ron. "Silly boy!" She kissed him lightly and hastily and for a long moment his eyes searched her face and then he grinned, said good naturedly, "Okay, darling."

She picked up the album of Brahms' and took out a record. She heard Alan go out. She put the record on but she didn't start it. Now Alan would be out of the store and walking down Main Street to his office. She turned eagerly to go to Ron.

But he had come to her. "I reached the city at eleven, Debbie," he said. "I telephoned your home, and was told you were out for the afternoon."

So it was Ron who was the mysterious caller. He was smiling down at her and all the old love and emotion came back filling her with sweet helplessness. "Oh Ron," she whispered. "Why didn't you meet me? I went to the river every day and——"

"Your father convinced me that I wasn't good for you, Debbie. I wanted to wait until I'd done something outstanding before I came back. Day before yesterday I was assigned to do the orchestrations for *Sunny Weather*. It's the biggest musical since *South Pacific*. I'm made now, Debbie. I can write my own cheques!"

"Oh, I'm glad, Ron. Glad and proud."

"I've kept track of you through the local paper. I was coming home next week, but when I saw the announcement of your engagement I took the next train."

"Why didn't you write, Ron! I'd have waited for you."

HE shook his head. "I wasn't going to communicate with you in any way until I'd made good. Do you still feel the same about me, Debbie?" he asked anxiously. "It's been six years."

"Oh yes, Ron, I do!" How could this emotion she felt be anything but love!

"That nice looking fellow with the freckles," Ron asked. "Is he the man you're engaged to marry?"

She thought of Alan, of his gentleness and kindness. She remembered how happy he had been that morning because she liked the Reynolds' house. How could she hurt him! "Yes, Ron, that's Alan Prescott."

"What about him, Debbie?"

All at once she was confused and uncertain. "Oh Ron, I don't know. Give me time. A day. Two days."

"Of course, Debbie," he said gently. "But don't tell your parents. I want to present my own case."

"But I'll have to tell Alan."

She told Alan that night on the way to Gloria's party. Alan was silent a moment driving through the night and then he said, "I knew he was something more than just a boy you used to know, Deborah. You looked at him as I've always hoped you'd look at me." His voice stumbled a little over the words.

She put a hand on his arm. "Oh Alan, please don't!"

"Have you told your mother the wedding is off then?"

"No, I haven't Alan. I couldn't——"

"Then that means you're not sure in your own mind, Deborah." He turned his head and smiled at her and there was a tone of sudden hope in his voice.

"I honestly don't know what it means, Alan," she said miserably.

Alan was very gay during the party and on the drive home, and then suddenly when he started to say good night his bravado was gone. He took her in his arms. "I love you very much, Deborah, but the thing I want most is for you to be happy."

"Thank you, Alan." She felt the security of his arms. Maybe this understanding was all that was needed for a good and lasting marriage. She wished she could say right then, "we're getting married in a month, just as we planned." But something held her back.

Alan kissed her tenderly. "I'll see you tomorrow night, Deborah."

She was at the dressing-table that evening when her mother came in. Her face was white. "Ron Barker is downstairs talking to your father."

Deborah stood up. "He asked me not to tell you he was here. He wanted to plead his own case."

A reluctant smile of admiration tugged at her mother's lips. "He's doing it very well. I believe he has your father convinced he's a good risk, now."

"And you, Mother?"

Her mother said seriously. "Your happiness is still our first concern, Deborah. Are you sure you love him?"

All at once Deborah could not wait to see Ron, to have him take her in his arms. "Yes, I'm very sure."

"What about Alan?"

"I've already told him." Tears flooded her eyes. "He was so wonderful about it. I hate to hurt him."

"In a situation like this someone is bound to be hurt. Ron is waiting for you downstairs, Deborah."

WHEN she walked into the living-room Ron rose to his feet and came eagerly towards her. She held out her hands to him. "Oh Ron, darling. . . ."

"Debbie, Debbie. . . ." He took her in his arms and she raised her face. Ron's lips were firm on hers, but there was no fire. She drew her breath in in a quick sob and he kissed her again. Almost savagely this time. But it was no use. The boy and the girl were gone. For a moment Ron held her and neither of them spoke and she had a terrible feeling of sadness.

"It's gone, Debbie."

"I know." Tears were running down her cheeks. "But why? Why?"

"Because that part of our life is gone and can't come back. We're two different people now. I didn't realize it before."

She knew that what he said was true. Six years of living had gone by, and the hours and days and months had made them different people. "Is there someone else, Ron? Another girl?"

He released her then and smiled. "Yes, there is, Debbie. But I wouldn't admit it to myself until now. He looked suddenly eager. "I'm going to ask her to marry me when I get back to London."

She nodded and it was as if her emotions had been chained, but now the chains were broken. "Goodbye and good luck, Ron."

"Goodbye, Debbie," he said gently. "I'll never forget you."

She knew that she would never forget Ron. She knew that whenever she heard *Claire de Lune*, or saw teenagers walking hand in hand, blissfully and completely in love, she would remember him with nostalgia. "I'll always remember, too, Ron."

She was waiting for Alan when the doorbell rang. She held out her hands to him and he took them. She stood there studying every line of his face as if seeing it for the first time and finding it beloved. Love for Alan filled her, a mature, passionate love deeper than she had ever known for Ron.

Her thought must have shown in her face because there was something of wonder, something of hope in Alan's voice when he spoke. "Deborah, tell me——"

She said softly, "I have a great deal to tell you, my darling," and she saw the uncertainty fade from his eyes.

END

Books (*Continued from page 39*)

grows with them. That was the manner of *The Forsyte Saga*, starting with *The Man Of Property* and working forwards. When you start with a daughter of the later generation making notes, collecting material for a Great Family History, working *back*, the going is much more difficult. For the first fifty pages of G. B. Stern's **For All We Know** (Collins, 13s. 6d.) I was driven almost crazy wondering who was what (even with frequent reference to the family tree fortunately provided). But the story strides from the moment we touch the fascinating Aunt Bettina and her mysterious rôle in a Middle East oil scandal involving an affair with an Arab ruler long ago. She eventually comes to the rescue by handing her chronicler-niece, Gillian, her diary kept at the time; but, ironically, it cannot be used because "it was too frank a giveaway," and Gillian's book, without it, flops. Miss Stern's is a fine character story, relishable for its virtuoso writing . . . after those fifty pages.

Bruce Marshall would surprise us if he didn't bring a priest or two into his latest novel—and a touch of unvenal naughtiness. **Girl In May** (Constable, 13s. 6d.) has a jovial, witty canon, a bishop or so, a frisky Franciscan who dispenses sly Romish propaganda. The naughtiness is the invasion of a college girls' dormitory by two St. Andrew's students. Three girls—one the Canon's daughter Moragh, called Bumpie—are expelled. Duncan Soutar, studying to be an Episcopal priest, goes to the Canon to apologize, falls for the uncontrite Bumpie, and the course of love goes not too badly for them, even after the Canon forbids them to meet. There are some atrocious puns, a lot of cryptic allusions doubtless amusing to church saints—and sinners. Most entertaining and agreeably Scots.

I have noticed that in many novels written by women for women the leading lady *has* to be unhappy about something—usually love or marriage. Joanna in Mary Fassett Hunt's **Joanna Lord** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) has plenty to sorrow over. Her fair body was so badly scarred in a fire at the local sports club that her husband, Malcolm, is impotent to love her and has to fortify his ego in infidelities.

THE marriage breaks. She finds solace in working for the election of a self-made business man, Ellesworth Priddy, who is running for governor, backed by her father, the town's newspaper owner. But here, again, there is trouble for her in the jealousy of Priddy's wife and sons, who surmise that the relationship is more than political. In the end she does find happiness with a staunch standby who tells her: "If ever a girl was handed a rough deal it's you . . ."

Denise Robins's Glynis Thorne also has much to grieve over. She is receptionist to a rich, fashionable, handsome throat specialist who wants to marry her. "All her defences were down. She was in that split second utterly and completely his—her arms around his neck and her rose-red mouth giving all the warmth and sweetness that he wanted." But if she becomes his wife, will she get that *little* home and children she has always wanted? Won't she have to have a nurse and leave them and go out to social functions and parties? Instead of going to some *little* seaside place for holidays, won't he want to send them to Frinton with nurse while he whisks her off to the Bermudas, Italy, France and casinos?

Poor Glynis. Life is hard on modest people, making 'em go all ritzy. But, of course, it's not so bad in the workout, with Steven nobly cutting down on rich Weymouth Street patients and concentrating on mastoid research, a small country cot—and Glynis. There was hope from the moment he first called on her parents in his sleek black Jaguar and said: "A boiled egg is good enough for me." Miss Robins knows her self-effacing Glynises, who will thoroughly enjoy this all-too-human story, **All That Matters** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).

DOROTHY B. UPSON certainly knows her backstage theatre. **Overture For Beginners** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) has the authentic smell of grease-paint all through a lively story of Clare Denning, concert pianist, joining a revue company and sampling the glitter and glamour, rivalries, jealousies, frustrations, triumphs and wayward loves of an alluring, exasperating profession.

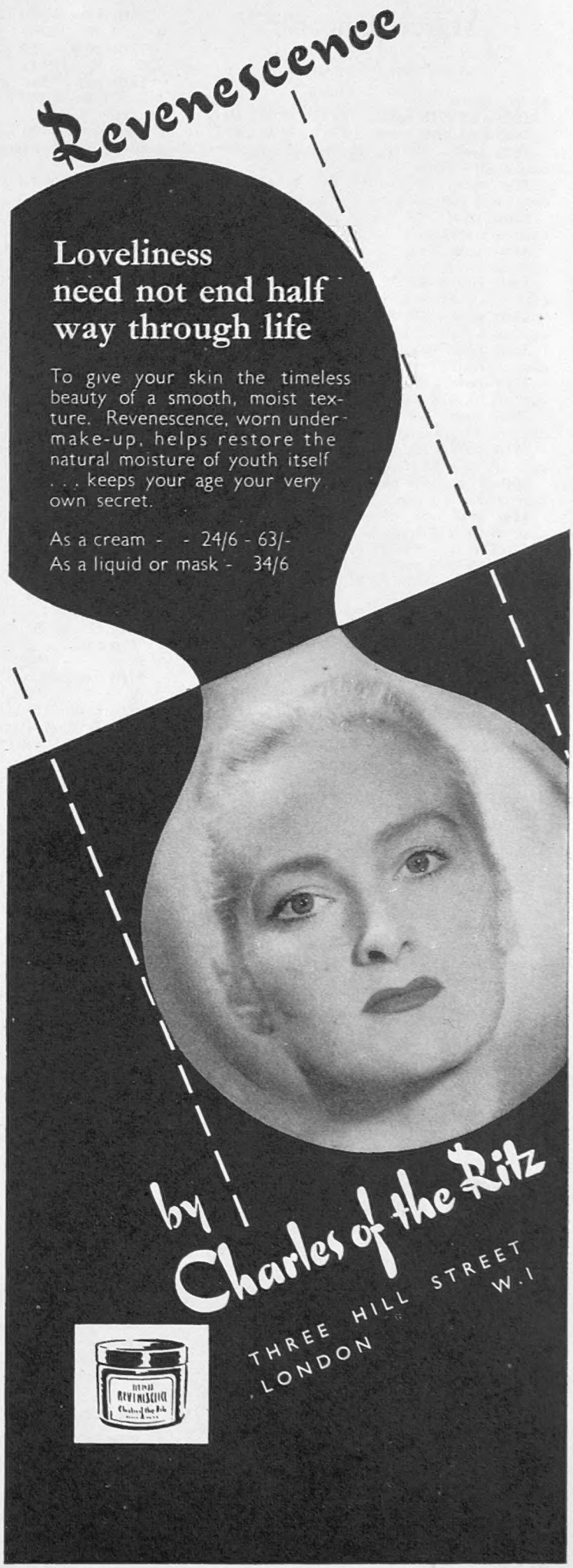
Penelope, the show's forthright star, is a lulu. When a fellow tells her, "Darling, there's no one like you in the whole world," she retorts: "I should hope not, indeed! If there were I'd dye my eyebrows green and my nose pink." Another gem of hers is: ". . . your Sundays should be your own. I spend most of mine in bed. If anyone comes to see me they have to bring their food and mine up on a tray. When I started out in life I said to myself: Penelope, my girl, never be a doormat!" Quite a different dame from Glynis, you see. Miss Upson is generally so good at dialogue that she should avoid letting her characters sometimes *ad lib* in page-long slabs.

Oswald Wynd's **Stars In The Heather** (Blackwood, 10s.) is theatre, too, for U.S. film star Hugh Greenway, after a London play flop, looks up his forebears' Scottish village and gets caught up in the scheme of the lordly laird and his U.S. wife to put it on the map with a festival play about Bonnie Prince Charlie. Hugh writes and produces instead a play, based on a local legend. The daughter of the leader of the opposition (who don't want a festival) plays opposite him and is even talent-spotted by Hugh's Hollywood director, so all ends happily in a romantic comedy as Scottish as a Burns Night haggis.

RECOMMENDED

My Writing Life, by Neil Bell (Alvin Redman, 16s.). **The Horse-Leech's Daughters**, by Daphne K. Forster (Hammond Hammond, 10s. 6d.). **Lonely, Lovely Lady**, by Jack Monmouth (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.). **Thailand Journey**, by W. T. Blake (Alvin Redman, 25s.). **New Crochet And Hairpin Work**, by Jane Koster and Margaret Murray (John Calder, 25s.).

END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March Cheater

(*Continued from page* 48)

35 W., 49 G.

26th and 27th rows.—48 G., 37 W., 48 G.

28th and 29th rows.—47 G., 39 W., 47 G.

30th row.—46 G., 41 W., 46 G., turn, cast on 3 (136 sts.).

31st row.—49 G., 41 W., 46 G., turn, cast on 3 (139 sts.).

32nd row.—48 G., 43 W., 48 G., turn, cast on 3 (142 sts.).

33rd row.—51 G., 43 W., 48 G., turn, cast on 3 (145 sts.).

34th row.—52 G., 41 W., 52 G., turn, cast on 4 (149 sts.).

35th row.—57 G., 39 W., 53 G., turn, cast on 4 (153 sts.).

36th row.—58 G., 37 W., 58 G., turn, cast on 10 (163 sts.).

37th row.—69 G., 35 W., 59 G., turn, cast on 10 (173 sts.).

38th row.—70 G., 33 W., 70 G., turn, cast on 10 (183 sts.).

39th row.—80 G., 33 W., 70 G., turn, cast on 10 (193 sts.).

40th row.—79 G., 35 W., 79 G., turn, cast on 10 (203 sts.).

41st row.—89 G., 35 W., 79 G., turn, cast on 10 (213 sts.).

42nd row.—88 G., 37 W., 88 G., turn, cast on 10 (223 sts.).

43rd row.—98 G., 37 W., 88 G., turn, cast on 10 (233 sts.).

44th row.—97 G., 39 W., 97 G., turn, cast on 10 (243 sts.).

45th row.—107 G., 39 W., 97 G., turn, cast on 10 (253 sts.).

46th row.—106 G., 41 W., 106 G., turn, cast on 10 (263 sts.).

47th row.—108 G., 1 W., 7 G., 41 W., 7 G., 1 W., 98 G., turn, cast on 10 (273 sts.).

48th row.—108 G., 2 W., 5 G., 43 W., 5 G., 2 W., 108 G., turn, cast on 10 (283 sts.).

49th row.—117 G., 4 W., 4 G., 43 W., 4 G., 4 W., 107 G., turn, cast on 10 (293 sts.).

50th row.—117 G., 5 W., 2 G., 45 W., 2 G., 5 W., 117 G., turn, cast on 10 (303 sts.).

51st row.—126 G., 7 W., 1 G., 45 W., 1 G., 7 W., 116 G., turn, cast on 10 (313 sts.).

52nd row.—126 G., 61 W., 126 G., turn, cast on 10 (323 sts.).

53rd row.—135 G., 63 W., 125 G., turn, cast on 10 (333 sts.).

54th row.—135 G., 63 W., 135 G.

55th and 56th rows.—134 G., 65 W., 134 G.

57th row.—133 G., 67 W., 133 G.

58th row.—Work each st. in same colour as previous row and inc. at both ends (335 sts.).

59th and 60th rows.—133 G., 69 W., 133 G.

61st row.—134 G., 67 W., 134 G.

62nd row.—Inc. in 1st st., 134 G., 65 W., 134 G., inc. in last st. (337 sts.).

63rd row.—137 G., 63 W., 137 G.

64th row.—138 G., 61 W., 138 G.

65th row.—139 G., 59 W., 139 G.

66th row.—Work each st. in same colour as previous row and inc. at both ends (339 sts.).

67th and 68th rows.—139 G., 61 W., 139 G.

69th row.—138 G., 63 W., 138 G.

70th row.—Work each st. in same colour as previous row and inc. at both ends (341 sts.).

71st and 72nd rows.—138 G., 65 W., 138 G.

73rd row.—137 G., 67 W., 137 G.

74th row.—Inc. in 1st st., 128 G., 1 W., 7 G., 67 W., 7 G., 1 W., 128 G., inc. in last st. (343 sts.).

75th row.—130 G., 2 W., 5 G., 69 W., 5 G., 2 W., 130 G.

76th row.—129 G., 4 W., 4 G., 69 W., 4 G., 4 W., 129 G.

77th row.—129 G., 5 W., 2 G., 71 W., 2 G., 5 W., 129 G.

78th row.—Inc. in 1st st., 127 G., 7 W., 1 G., 71 W., 1 G., 7 W., 127 G., inc. in last st. (345 sts.).

79th row.—129 G., 87 W., 129 G.

80th and 81st rows.—128 G., 89 W., 128 G.

82nd and 83rd rows.—127 G., 91 W., 127 G.

84th and 85th rows.—126 G., 93 W., 126 G.

86th and 87th rows.—12 W., 12 G., 12 W., 89 G., 95 W., 89 G., 12 W., 12 G., 12 W.

88th row.—(12 W., 12 G.) twice, 12 W., 66 G., 93 W., 66 G., 12 W., (12 G., 12 W.) twice.

89th row.—(12 W., 12 G.) twice, 12 W., 67 G., 91 W., 67 G., 12 W., (12 G., 12 W.) twice.

90th row.—36 W. (12 G., 12 W.) twice, 44 G., 89 W., 44 G. (12 W., 12 G.) twice, 36 W.

91st row.—36 W. (12 G., 12 W.) twice, 45 G., 33 W., turn and leave 183 sts. unworked.

92nd row.—Cast off 2 W. (after casting off there is 1 st. on right needle for which no instructions are given), 29 W., 22 G. (12 W., 12 G.) twice, 60 W. (160 sts.).

93rd row.—60 W. (12 G., 12 W.) twice, 22 G., 30 W.

94th row.—Cast off 2, 28 W., 21 G., 12 W., 12 G., 84 W. (158 sts.).

95th row.—Cast off 20, 63 W., 12 G., 12 W., 21 G., 29 W. (138 sts.).

96th row.—Cast off 2, 27 W., 20 G., 88 W. (136 sts.).

97th row.—Cast off 20, 67 W., 12 G., 2 W., 6 G., 28 W. (116 sts.).

98th row.—Cast off 2, 26 W., 5 G., 2 W., 12 G., 68 W. (114 sts.).

99th row.—Cast off 20, 63 W., 3 G., 27 W. (94 sts.).

Finish in W.

100th row.—Cast off 2, work to end (92 sts.).

Cast off 20 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, starting at opposite end to neck. Work 1 row. Cast off 12.

Return to 183 sts. of 91st row. Place middle 21 st. for neck on a holder. Across the remaining 162 work 33 W., 45 G. (12 W., 12 G.) twice, 36 W.

92nd row.—60 W. (12 G., 12 W.) twice, 22 G., 30 W. Work in patt. to correspond with first side. Cast off 2 sts., for neck at beg. of 93rd and four following alternate rows and at the same time cast off 20 sts., beg. at wrist edge in 96th and 6 following alternate rows. Work 1 row and cast off.

THE BACK

Work as Front until the patt. is reached. Omit patt. and proceed entirely in G., working all shapings as on Front until 60 sts. have been cast off for each shoulder (225 sts.).

Next row.—Cast off 20, k. 83 (84 sts.). Leave 121 sts. unworked.

Next row.—Cast off 4, work to end (80 sts.).

Next row.—Cast off 20, work to end (60 sts.).

Rep. last 2 rows twice. Work 1 row. Cast off.

Return to 121 sts. Place middle 17 sts. on holder (104 sts.)

Cast off 4, work to end. Finish this side to correspond with first side.

THE COLLAR

With G. and right side facing, pick up and k. 60 sts. along front neck edge, including 21 sts. on holder. Work 5 ins. in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Cast off very loosely. Pick up and k. 56 sts. along back neck edge and work a similar ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work except ribbing. Sew seams along upper sleeve edges and shoulders. With right side facing and G., pick up and k. 56 sts. along sleeve edges. Work 6 ins. or required length in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Cast off. Work second cuff in same way. Join side and sleeve seams and press. Join edges of collar. Run strands of elastic through the ribbing at waist line, on wrong side.

END

Spring Blouse

(*Continued from page* 49)

SLEEVES (both alike).

Hand knitting.—With No. 13 needles.

Machine knitting.—Using tension one size smaller than for body of work.

Cast on 100 (104, 108) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in.

Hand knitting.—Change to No. 12 needles.

Machine knitting.—Change to main tension.

Work in pattern thus: **1st row.**—K. 48 (50, 52) sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end of row.

2nd and alternate rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 49 (51, 53) sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end of row.

5th row.—K. 50 (52, 54) sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end of row.

6th row.—P. Repeat these 6 rows throughout sleeve inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row until 110 (114, 118) sts. Work 1 row.

Shape Top.—Cast off 8 (8, 10) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of every alternate row until 24 (28, 28) sts. remain. Cast off 6 (7, 7) sts. at beginning of next 4 rows.

COLLAR

Hand knitting.—With No. 13 needles.

Machine knitting.—Using tension one size smaller than for body of work.

Cast on 132 (136, 140) sts. Work in st.-st. for 1½ ins., then dec. each end of next and every following 4th row until 122 (126, 130) sts. Work 3 more rows, then inc. each end of next and every following 4th row until 132 (136, 140) sts. Work in st.-st. for 1½ ins. Cast off.

FRONT BAND (left side)

With No. 13 needles pick up 172 (176, 180) sts. along left front. Work in st.-st. for 2½ ins. Cast off.

FRONT BAND (right side)

With No. 13 needles pick up 172 (176, 180) sts. along right front. Work in st.-st. for 9 rows, then make buttonholes:

1st row.—K. 22 (26, 30) * (cast off 4, k. 5) twice, cast off 4, k. 19 *; rep. from * to * twice, (cast off 4, k. 5) twice, cast off 4, k. 5.

2nd row: P. casting on over cast off sts. Work 14 rows, then repeat 2 buttonhole rows. Work 9 more rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves.

Turn back button and buttonhole bands and catch down. Neaten buttonholes.

Back-stitch side edges of collar together, turn and back-stitch one side to neck, easing into collar—starting and ending in middle of button and buttonhole bands. Catch down second side of collar. Sew on buttons.

END

1.3.56

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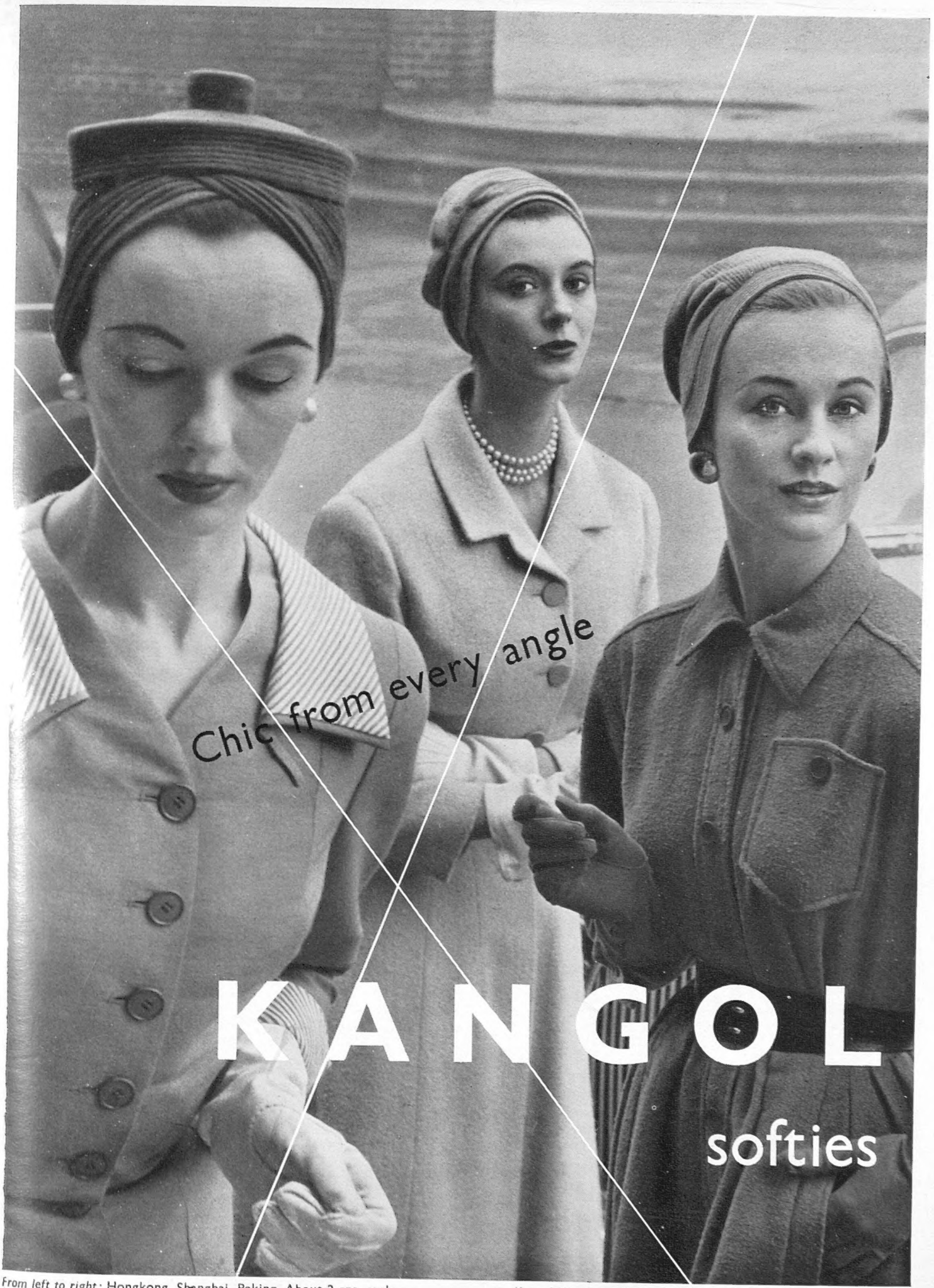

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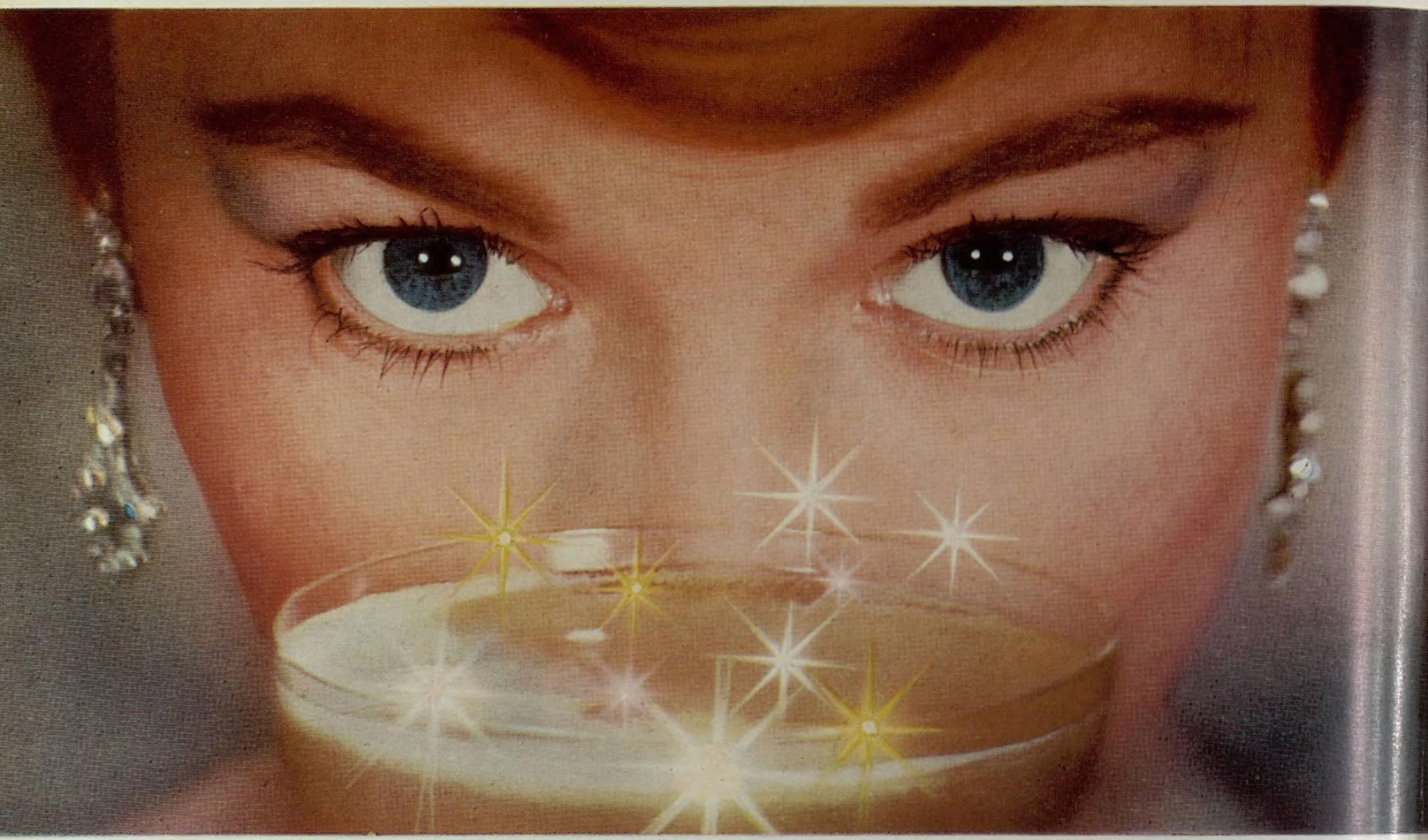

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